

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

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Sunday, July 23, 1933



Cupids by Henry Clive
Verses by Carolyn Wells

No. 7 = French

A suitor should view with alarm
The power of a Frenchwoman's charm;
In her heart you will find
Dan Cupid enshrined;
He's a foeman you cannot disarm.

Violin Is Played in Light "Lighthouse of the World" Wyming's "No. 1 Man" Since 1918, Dead



The Self-Playing Violin, Whose Musical Tones are Regulated by Neon Lights, Invented by Frank Murphy, of Burbank, California.

AFTER long experimentation, Frank Murphy, an electrician in one of California's movie studios, has perfected a self-playing violin

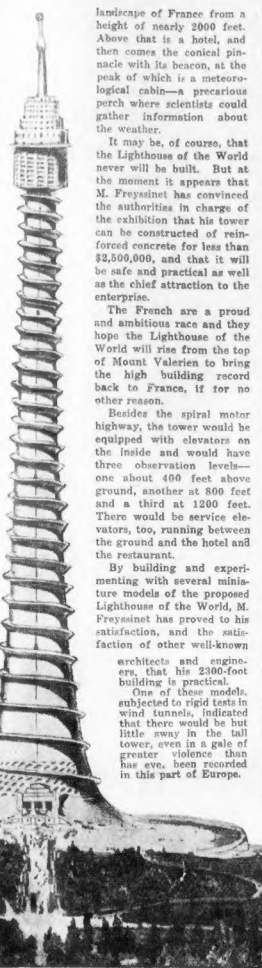
capable of producing many of the effects of an instrument in the hands of a skilled performer. Just how this invention works is a secret which the man who conceived the idea prefers to keep to himself for the present, but he does explain frankly that the music is produced by a system of neon lights that are used at intervals because of their high visibility, even through thick banks of fog.

But now, inspired by the skyscrapers of New York—one of which rises almost 1250 feet above ground—and armed with engineering knowledge that the builders of the Eiffel Tower lacked, M. Freysinet, the eminent French engineer, is planning to build, for the Paris Exhibition of 1937, a structure which will dwarf the highest buildings yet put up.

If his ambitious dream is translated into actuality, this tower, which will be called the Lighthouse of the World, and which will rise from the top of Mount Valerian, will thrust its pinnacles 2300 feet into the air. That is almost twice the height of New York's Empire State Building, which, since its completion, has had the distinction of being the tallest man-made structure.

As the sketch shows, the tower of the World would be a circular tower with a brilliant beacon installed at its peak. The disc-like projections running from the base nearly to the top are the turns of a spiral highway for automobiles. Just above the topmost turn is a cylindrical garage big enough to accommodate 400 cars.

The next story stop the garage would be a restaurant, where visitors to the exposition could dine while they looked down on the



Design for a Tower 2300 Feet High, for the 1937 Paris Exhibition, With Its Spiral Car Track, Garage, Restaurant and Lighthouse. The Huge Structure Is to Be of Concrete and More Than Double the Height of the Famous Eiffel Tower.

landscape of France from a height of nearly 2000 feet. Above that is a hotel, and then comes the conical pinnacle with its beacon, at the peak of which is a meteorological cabin—a precarious perch where scientists could gather information about the weather.

It may be, of course, that the Lighthouse of the World never will be built. But at the moment it appears that M. Freysinet has convinced the authorities in charge of the exhibition that his tower can be constructed of reinforced concrete for less than \$2,500,000, and that it will be as safe and practical as well as the chief attraction to the enterprise.

The French are a proud and ambitious race and they hope the Lighthouse of the World will rise from the top of Mount Valerian to bring the high building record back to France, if for no other reason.

Under the spiral motor highway, the tower would be equipped with elevators on the inside and would have three observation levels—one about 400 feet above ground, another at 600 feet and a third at 1200 feet. There would be service elevators, too, running between the ground and the hotel and the restaurant.

By building and experimenting with several miniature models of the proposed Lighthouse of the World, M. Freysinet has proved to his satisfaction, and the satisfaction of other well-known architects and engineers, that his 2300-foot building is practical.

One of these models, subjected to wind tunnels, indicated that there would be but little sway in the tall tower, even in a gale of greater violence than has ever been recorded in this part of Europe.



J. M. Schwoob, of Cody, Wyoming, Who Always Had No. 1 License Plates for His Car. He Was Thus Honored Because He Introduced the License Law in the State and Sponsored the Good Road Movement.

When J. M. Schwoob died recently it was cause for State-wide mourning, and for much conjecturing over the future policy concerning the automobile plates stamped "Wyo. No. 1."

And the Cat Came Back

MANY strange tales have been told of cats that came back, but few of them can match a belief-or-not cat story that happened in Iowa.

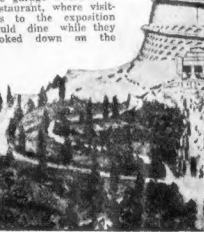
The cat in question was one of six pets belonging to Earl Beach, who recently moved his family from Mount Vernon to a farm near the town of South Bethel. The Beach family were very fond of their pets and they saw to it that the cats made the 41-mile journey with a minimum of discomfort. The animals were given plenty of room in the baskets and boxes in which they traveled and they did not want for food and water.

When the goods and chattels of the Beach family arrived at their new home, the first thing that Mr. Beach did was to take the cats out of their containers and put them in the house.

ment, where they would be comfortable and safe until things were straightened around a bit.

Next morning when he went down cellar to take the cats their breakfast he discovered that he had not six cats, but one. One of the pets had managed to crawl out through a narrow opening and escape.

A few days after setting up his new residence, Mr. Beach had occasion to go back to Mount Vernon on business. While he was there he paid a visit to the old home and there, on the porch, was the missing cat. The animal was noticeably thinner and badly bedraggled after its 44-mile hike, but still on its feet and very glad to see Mr. Beach.



Design for a Tower 2300 Feet High, for the 1937 Paris Exhibition, With Its Spiral Car Track, Garage, Restaurant and Lighthouse. The Huge Structure Is to Be of Concrete and More Than Double the Height of the Famous Eiffel Tower.

He's 88, and Happy With His Babies

ALL the talk, scientific and otherwise, about the folly of May-December romances sounds a little silly to S. P. Dinsmoor, of Lucas, Kansas, and to his good wife, Mrs. Dinsmoor, a veteran of the Civil War and a well known in his 80's years. Mr. Dinsmoor, one of the prettiest and most contented wives in the community has just turned 27.

Perhaps the Dinsmoors would not be the happy couple they are if it were not for their mutual interest in their two youngsters, Emily Jean and John. The girl is seven years old and the boy is three years old.

John arrived at the Dinsmoor home

when his father was 85 years old, one of the luckiest and liveliest babies ever seen in the town of Lucas. His father was the happiest man in town because, although he loves Emily Jane, he had hoped that his first child would be a son. Everything went all right when the stork came around with John.

Strangely enough, Mr. Dinsmoor, who is more than commonly interested in religion, calls his place the "Garden of Eden" and he has ornamented his grounds with several life-like statues—Biblical and allegorical figures fashioned of concrete. One of the artistic groups shows Labor being crucified while Finance, the Law—and, believe it or not—the Clergy, look on in sardonic amusement.



S. P. Dinsmoor, 88, of Lucas, Kansas, With His 27-Year-Old Wife and Their Two Children, Emily Jean, 7, and John, 3, Who Was Born After the Father Had Passed the Age of 85.

Year's Biggest Fish Story

A FEW days ago the good ship Carabobo slipped into her dock in Brooklyn, New York, with a cargo of freaks for visitors at Coney Island—and a freaky fish story that will be told long after the Carabobo ceases her voyaging between the metropolises and tropical ports.

The little steamer—the registers less than 3000 tons—was ploughing along off the Virginia Capes. The weather was fair, the sea was uncommonly calm for the usually tempestuous stretch of water. Captain Stephen Morris was in his cabin having his coffee and the freaks were sunning themselves on the deck. Everything, as the salty saying goes, was shipshape aboard the Carabobo.

A knock came on the captain's door. It was a seaman reporting from the bridge. The log showed that the ship's speed was greatly reduced, although the engines were running at full speed, the sea was smooth and there was no head wind.

The skipper gulped his coffee and went aft. The propeller was kicking over at its best clip, but his trained eye saw that the ship was not making better than six knots. It didn't make sense and he began to think of strange tales of bedeviled ships that he had heard from the mouths of superstitious old salts.

He started forward to the bridge when he heard someone bellow: "Chee blow, sir!"

That could mean only one thing—that there was a whale somewhere in the vicinity. The captain looked to port and to starboard. He raised astern and forward. The calm sea was wholesale. One of his crew must have gone loco from reading too many stories of the old whaling days.

A common broke out on deck and the freaks began to scream and shout like a crew of the days of sailing ships, gone mad with cury. Seaman George DeWendt came running up the forecastle companionway, three steps at a time. He saw the captain and began gesticulating wildly toward the port bow.

"Whale, sir," he said, when he could find his tongue. "Head to starboard, tail to port. She's right underneath us and thumping like a pile driver."

Seaman DeWendt was no victim of adventurous literature. The captain looked over the side and saw the great black hulk caught amidstships by the sharp bow of the Carabobo.

"Hard a port," shouted the skipper to the man at the wheel. But that got them nowhere. Ship and whale were inseparable.

"Stop the engines," was the next command. That didn't do any good either. The whale began to push the steamer back.

The freaks scrambled forward and added to the confusion by yelling at the captain to catch the monster for them and they'd give him a percentage of the exhibition fees.

"Well! Of All the Nerve!"

THE woolly offspring of sheep may be notoriously shy and timid, but when they are hungry they are likely to exhibit more than ordinary originality and audacity—as the unusual photograph, recently entered in a German exhibit of camera studies, shows.

At the time this amusing tableau was enacted, a photographer was paying a visit to a farm on the outskirts of Berlin to get some pictures of prize cattle. On his way out of the farmyard he noticed two lambs circling a big red cow. He watched the proceedings, and when the young sheep finally got what they wanted, he hurriedly unpacked his equipment to capture one of the best "shots" of domestic animals that has been taken in Germany in many a year.

Fortunately for the lambs, the cow they picked for their milk stealing was a placid old beast that paid no attention to this maneuver until they were actually "at table" and hungrily absorbing a meal in what might be called alien territory. Then she slowly turned her head and gazed at the intrepid "stealers" to it and so did he.

The farmer was at a loss to explain why the lambs had behaved in this unorthodox way because their own mother had plenty of milk for them. He ventured the guess that the little fellows were near-sighted, or color-blind. The photographer wasn't especially interested in these conjectures. His concern was entirely artistic—and he knew he had stumbled on a prize picture.



On a Farm Just Outside Berlin, Germany, These Two Little Lambs Have Formed a Habit of Visiting the Cow for Their Dinner. This Photo, Taken on the First Feed Raid by the Youngsters, Won a Prize in a Recent Photographic Exhibition.

Real Movie Romance of Ill-Fated Lya de Putti's Daughter

Stranger Than Any Part the Unhappy Screen Star Ever Played Was This Wooing of Her 17-Year-Old Child by the Millionaire Java Planter Whose Love the Actress Had Rejected Years Ago



One of the Early Pictures of Lya in the Role Which Brought Her From Germany to Fame and Riches at Hollywood, and Below It the Tombstone to Her Which the Husband She Described Erected to Her Memory at His Home While She Was Still Alive.



The Two Daughters of Lya de Putti, Llonka and Judith, at Their Home at Gihart, Hungary.

Zoltan de Szepeffy, Lya's Husband, Who Divorced Her and Then Committed Suicide When He Heard of Her Death in America.

BUDAPEST, July 11.—When Lya de Putti died recently, it was supposed that those great black eyes would break no more hearts.

But that was a mistake. Though the screen star left no money, her daughter, Judith, inherited those fatal eyes and the light that lies in them has already caused one of the strangest heart-breaks ever recorded.

Like a moth after a flame, Ger Grotenboer, a millionaire rice and tea planter, rose from the island of Java, 10,000 miles away, and flew in airplanes to Judith's home near this city, only to have his heart broken by the school girl's refusal to marry him.

The strangest part of this love-tragedy is that Lya de Putti, with the original eyes, had broken their same heart about five years before. Myneer Grotenboer had just recovered from that first mishap when Judith's eyes drew him like a flame to be sinned a second time.

Judith, who is only 17 years old and looks like a fresh, new copy of her mother at her youngest and best, is one of the few persons to whom the big screen studios have called in vain. As Judith de Putti, with her mother's famous eyes and figure, she had her mother's public waiting to welcome her. She could almost start where her mother stopped. But Judith does not want to be like her mother, for she knows only too well what Lya de Putti did to everyone who loved her, including her divorced first husband, Judith's father, whom she drove to suicide.

Judith and her older sister, Llonka, preferred to live in comparative poverty on Gihart, their father's modest estate, but obscurity was not quite possible. Word reached the German film producers of this reincarnation of Lya and when they found it true, offered the girl a handsome contract. Judith flatly refused but that did not end it. Various magazines printed pictures of the girl who had fought film fame and one of them, published in Paris, found its way to the fine old residence of Myneer Ger Grotenboer of a wealthy Dutch family of rice and tea planters on the island of Java.

Several years before this, Ger, who is now 35 years old, had been engaged to the pretty, modest blue-eyed daughter of another Dutch planter and all would have been well had he not seen Lya de Putti's first big success "Mannon Lescaut." Men have rushed in and made fools of themselves over statues, oil paintings and pictures both moving and still, but this seems to be the first authentic case where one was wowed away when he was so close to the altar.

The rich planter followed the film

from theatre to theatre on the island and then, making an excuse to defer the wedding, started correspondence with Lya who was in Berlin at the time. It had been said that most of the broken hearts she caused were brought about with selfish calculation.

Myneer Ger, however, seems to have gotten a square deal from Lya. In reply to his appealing letters she allowed him to call, listened to his marriage proposal, decided that she could not love him, and told him so frankly. But the damage had been done, the flesh-and-blood eyes fascinated him even more than their shadow on the screen. After several times trying to force her to listen to his pleas again, he returned to Java, a broken-hearted man, but through no fault of the black-eyed screen beauty.

The unfortunate Ger seems never to have forgotten, his heart frequently torn by magazine pictures of Lya, until about two years ago when he read of her death. The positive knowledge that the light of those eyes was forever out and that they were closed in a coffin, buried deep in Dutchland Cemetery, New York, had a healthy effect on him. His Dutch common-sense made him stop yearning for something that no longer existed. The next natural step was to fall in love with another nice blue-eyed Dutch girl, much like the first.

And then one day Myneer Ger

opened a magazine and saw that same face with those same maddening eyes, gazing at him. It was a shock, rousing all the old repressed feelings, but he would have gotten over it except for what he read underneath the picture.

This told him that what he had seen was not an old photograph of his dead love, but a new one of Lya's daughter.

Those eyes were alive and shining after all. He felt himself drawn toward them and for three days resisted the impulse. Then he gave way to it. It took some time and money to locate Judith at Gihart. Then in a long cablegram he managed to explain his troubles and ask permission to call.

"The man is crazy," said the elder of the two grandmothers, who live with Judith and her sister. "Only a lunatic would travel 10,000 miles because he had fallen in love with a photograph."

"No," answered the younger grandmothers. "This poor man is still in love with Lya's memory and, if Judith is just like her, he might love her as well. A man in love is a fool but not necessarily insane."

Judith agreed with the younger grandmothers and was sorry for the man. But should she see him? Judging from the antics of men over her mother, this one would probably come anyway and it might as well be gotten over. So a cautious reply was sent, permitting him to call, but warning him that nothing was promised.

Eagerly Myneer Ger Grotenboer climbed into a plane, flew from Batavia in Java to Calcutta, India, and from there as fast as he could make aerial

connections, to Budapest, Hungary, which is only a short automobile ride from Gihart, having covered the 10,000 miles in ten days. Presenting himself to the two grandmothers, he handed the old ladies abundant documentary proof that he was a man of high social standing, old family and worth more than a million dollars. Then he asked to be exposed to the flame toward which he had been flying for the last ten days. The moment this was done, moth-like, he lost no time in singeing himself. At sight of Judith, Ger burst into tears and cried out:

"Lya! My Lya!" It was fatal because it killed the slight romance which his long trip had woven about the Javan in the girl's mind. No girl wants to be loved as the proxy of another even if that other is her own mother, and Judith despised her from a window and trundled her past the guards in a wheelbarrow. For this, so it is said, she loved him, but later transferred that love to a man who got her a small part on the stage.

Life for Lya was just a ladder of human hearts and little did she care how she trampled on them. Yet there were years of hard and dreary work, disappointments and failures for the woman before she finally was a real success in such pictures as "Vandeville" and "Mannon Lescaut." Then came the real thing she had been working so ruthlessly for all these years, a chance to be supreme in the world's film center, Hollywood.

She went over big, but just as she was to become a real ace of aces, the talking pictures snatched the triumph from her. No amount of beauty or fine acting would make up for a defective voice and a wretched pronunciation. These were things she had not bothered to correct when she had time and now it was too late. She lost her job, hung about Hollywood and New York, got into financial difficulties, and finally died about two years ago. She swam

Back went poor Ger, singed again, worse than the first time.

Judith's real name is Judith Szepeffy and her once famous mother was the daughter of Colonel Putti and his wife, born Countess Hoyos. When hardly more than 14 years old, Lya married Zoltan de Szepeffy, a country magistrate. Whether Lya could have loved anyone is doubtful, but she certainly did not love this man and Zoltan had a difficult time trying to make her believe. When the two daughters, Llonka and Judith arrived, instead of calming down, the mother handed them over to a nurse and ran wilder than ever.

Lya's family advised Zoltan to confine his wife in a sanitarium until she came to her senses. He got her in successfully, but Lya managed to send a note to an old admirer who, disguised as a peasant, scaled the walls, lowered her from a window and trundled her past the guards in a wheelbarrow. For this, so it is said, she loved him, but later transferred that love to a man who got her a small part on the stage.

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The Eyes of Lya and Her Daughter Judith Were the Same—and Flashed Grotesquerely, Seeing Judith's in a Photograph, Found and Flew 10,000 Miles in Planes to Offer His Fortune and Heart to the Child. And Again Was Unsuccessful.

lowed a chicken bone, injured her throat, infection and pleurisy followed, and Lya de Putti's great, tragic black eyes were closed.

That she had used men's hearts as stepping stones to success was quite generally known, but her death brought to light the saddest case of all. Her children learned from the papers that their mother was not under that tombstone in the park, but had been alive all these years as the notorious vamp of screen and real life, Lya de Putti.

That their father had hoped always that the woman he had loved would come back to him was revealed when, three days after he learned of her death, he went to Budapest, hired a spy to find her, and at dawn blew out his brains.

Nor did Lya ever seem to get much happiness out of life, despite romances and success. She was always writing back to her husband, asking him to let her see the children, if only once a year. Nothing that she gained seems ever to have taken the place of the little ones in her heart. Her friends used to wonder why she surrounded herself with dolls. She would have dolls in her bedroom, in her boudoir, and frequently she would take them to the motion picture studio and even on "the lot." People thought it a sad, but it was not. Lya was trying to fool herself into the idea that these dolls were her children.

Zoltan never answered a single letter. She wrote to the children and sent them presents, but these were intercepted and returned to her by her husband. When she received them she wrote to him: "I am so cruelly deserted, this."

"My heart is torn with longing for a sight of my little ones."

"All I ask is a sight of them from time to time. They need not be told who I am or why I take an interest in them."

Then they got on thinking their mother is dead, but at least give my poor broken heart the balm of seeing them, only once a year."

Before she died she wrote him one last letter. It read: "If it were possible for me to come through this illness, my first act would be to go before you on bent knees and beg you to take me back, so that I might live the rest of my life in happiness with you and my dear little ones, but it is not to be."

"Death is near me, and the only hope now left to me is that in another world I shall be united with my little ones. If you do tell them the story of their mother, may my last wish was that they should never sacrifice love for the illusion of fame."

Annual Curb Market That Saves Lives of Virginia Town's Dogs



Satisfied Customers, Preparing to Return to Their Homes, After the Dog Auction in the Public Square of Fredericksburg, Virginia.

THE City of Fredericksburg, Virginia, famed in history as the home of Mary Washington and as the place where General Robert E. Lee defeated General Burnside, has a lesser but interesting claim to national attention in its annual "dog curb."

Once a year the good people of Fredericksburg get together in a public place to barter dogs—and sometimes cats—so that the animals may be turned off good homes. People who have animals they don't want come to market prepared to sell, and those who are in the market for pets come to buy.

The photographs at the top of this page were taken at the most recent "dog curb," which was attended by several hundred people.



Dogs of All Sizes and Breeds, That Otherwise Would Have Been Killed by Humane Organizations, Exhibited For Sale at Fredericksburg, Where the Curb Market For Canines, and Even Cats, Is an Annual Institution.

Decided being the most humane method of dealing with dogs and cats, this custom, which was inaugurated in Fredericksburg more than a century ago, makes it unnecessary for the city to maintain the usual dog pound, or to destroy stray and hunting dogs, as is the practice in many American cities. The "dog curb" is economical as well as humane and it is an ideal place for owners of pets to sell, or acquire, dogs, as the case may be.

Perhaps the institution persists in this Virginia community because it is in the center of a section of the country famed for its good hunting. Almost everyone who has the leisure to hunt gets out in the surrounding woods and fields. Those who can afford it

ride to hounds; those whose time and means are more restricted hunt for lesser game, not with a pack of dogs, but with one dog or a pair of them. The place, in short, is full of sportsmen and dog lovers, and the idea of disposing of a few unwanted dogs by charming, gassing or electrocuting them, does not appeal to those Virginians. Unless a dog is old or sick there is a good home for him somewhere in Fredericksburg or its environs.



He Had Only One Dog, But Now This Virginia Youngster is Happy With His Regular Dog and a New Pup.

The "Cave Woman" Who Rejected 1000 Suitors

WHEN Miss Patricia "Paddie" O'Hara, a pretty brunette resident of Liverpool, was picked to play the role of cave woman in a puppet celebrating the progress of her home city, she thought she was furthering her ambition to be a movie actress. But she didn't dream that her characterization of a primitive woman would put her to the trouble of rejecting a thousand suitors, one of them an Indian Prince.

For only a week "Paddie" played her part in the puppet—a part in which a modern cave man, dressed in a leopard skin, dragged her across the stage by her long hair, pretended to club her into submission and threw her over his shoulder to take her off to his cave—and then the offers of marriage began to roll in. Because photographs of her as a cave woman had been published not only in England, but on the Continent

and in the United States and South America as well, these offers of marriage came from all over the world and from all sorts and conditions of men. "Paddie" tried to be nice to these suitors and write them letters thanking them for their interest in her and tactfully declining to marry them. But every mail brought new proposals and she finally gave up the prodigious job.

Her prize letter came from an Indian

Prince, who enclosed a big photograph of himself, turbaned, covered with medals and sporting a long black mustache. The Prince, being a special case, was accorded the courtesy of a reply, which was a polite "no, thanks."

More publicity came to the Liverpool beauty because of the flood of proposals than came to her because of her delightful manner of suffering at the hands of a primitive suitor, and her problem remained embarrassing until she announced her engagement to Mr. J. A. Lightowler, a London schoolmaster. The newspapers, picturing the school teacher as "one man in a thousand," were glad to do what they could to discourage impressionable males from writing ardent letters to the Liverpool beauty.

Miss O'Hara's mother was, perhaps, as delighted as "Paddie" herself when the engagement was announced. "I hope," said Mrs. O'Hara, "that this will keep men from all over everywhere from writing and telephoning and calling. Several fellows have come right here to the house and another one, arriving on a steamer this week, wrote that he would drop in. I'll be a relief when the world knows that my daughter is married."



Miss Patricia O'Hara, Called "The Cave Woman" Because She Became Famous in That Role in a Liverpool, England, Puppet. She Rejected Proposals From 1000 Men, Including An Indian Prince, and Picked Her Own Man.

Is This the Smallest Church?

THERE are, here and there in the world, many communities that lay claim to the distinction of having the smallest church. But it is doubtful if any of these places can support their claims with a place of worship as tiny as the modest and flimsy House of God shown in the photograph at the left.

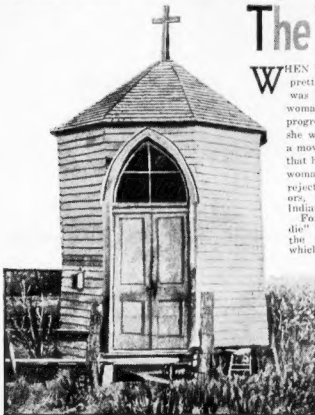
Strangely enough this house of worship, which is in Bayou Goula, Louisiana, is called the Madonna Cathedral, in spite of the fact that it is so small that the congregation sits on a bench outside the door, while the officiating clergyman conducts the services from a diminutive altar which all but fills the little six-sided building.

It is said that the church was built, many years ago, by an Indian who prayed for recovery of his sick wife and promised to put up a shrine to the Virgin if his prayers were answered.

The woman got well, so the story goes, and the grateful supplicant, doing the best he could with the money and materials he had, put up what probably is the smallest church in the world.

The structure has only two features which are distinctly "churchy"—a Gothic-style window over the narrow door and a crude cross at the peak of the roof. The cross is made of two pieces of weatherbeaten wood, nailed together.

A clergyman who happened to be traveling in Louisiana is said to have dedicated the building and, with solemn ceremony, given it the impressive name it bears. Almost every Sunday the few members of its congregation gather on the wooden bench outside the door, summoned to worship by a bell which is nailed to a scaffold a few feet from the church.



The Church at Bayou Goula, Louisiana, Which Is So Small That the Priest Finds Room in It Only For an Altar. While the Congregation is Content to Occupy Benches on the Outside.

Interesting Exercises for Piano Players

VIENNA.

Mlle. SOUSETTE is more than a good dancer and a polished player of the piano. She is a sort of musical gymnast who draws melody from the keys while she indulges in hand-stands, flip-flops and assorted maneuvers which are difficult to do without benefit of self-made music.

With her tongue in her cheek, perhaps, she suggests that other piano players might go in for some of her unusual and highly original exercises. But she really doesn't expect her suggestion to be universally adopted, because she knows that not one person in a million could duplicate her stunts, even if they thought there was any sense in doing them.

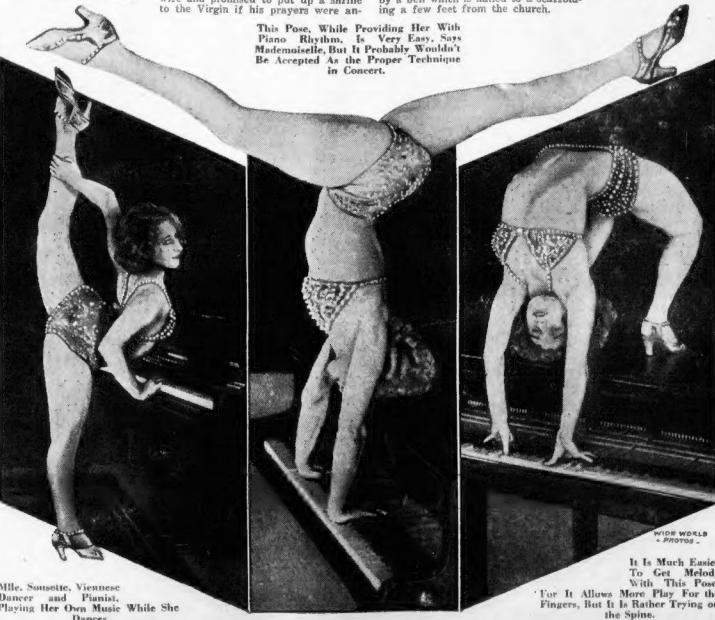
Sousette really doesn't care whether she starts a school of what might be called musical gymnastics, so long as a considerable portion of the theatregoers of this city continue to be amused and thrilled by her stage performance, which includes the tricks shown in the photographs and many others besides.

In one of the pictures Mademoiselle is shown in a pose that is easy for her, but which few pianists could do. While she rattles off a tune with her right hand she holds one of her shapely legs stiff with the other hand.

A bit more difficult is her handstand on the keys, with both legs in the air. The musician-athlete is so strong that she can play the piano even in this upside-down position. She lifts first her right leg, then the other and, while she is shifting and balancing her weight from hand to hand, manages to play a respectable piece of music.

To top off her extraordinary performance, the Viennese favorite plays the piano while doing what wrestlers call a "bridge." She puts her feet on the top of the piano, bends backward until her hands rest on the keys, and in this position, becomes again a pianist.

It took Mlle. Sousette many months to combine her dancing and her playing. She found that it was no easy trick, even for a person as strong and flexible as she is, to manipulate the keys while standing on the hands, or doing any of several movements of an athletic dance. It was necessary to develop a special technique, which she did to her increasing fame and fortune.



Mlle. Sousette, Viennese Dancer and Pianist, Playing Her Own Music While She Does Handstands.

"Hounded by Radio," She Ended Her Life

HUNDREDS of shut-ins have relieved the monotony of their restricted lives by tuning in on the music that is sent over the air, but the same programs that brought pleasure to these unfortunate people made life unbearable for Mrs. Isabelle M. Dudley, of New York City, and drove her to put an end to her misery by dropping from a sixth-story window.

Mrs. Dudley was a woman 55 years old. For 19 months she had been an invalid, confined to a wheelchair. She had a keen appreciation of good music because she was, by profession, a piano teacher. But, in her worried and nervous condition, she just couldn't shut her sensitive ears to the sounds that came from the loud speakers of her neighbors' radio sets.

Day and night the din of jazz orchestras, crooners and the hundred and one sounds that originate in broadcasting stations came through her windows. She knew that she could not expect her neighbors to shut off their radio just because she was ill and upset. So she put up with it as long as her troubled mind could stand the annoyance. Then, unbalanced by her misfortunes, she wrote a note to the corner, explaining that a "neighbor's instant radio" had accentuated her illness "until life was unbearable." She had, she wrote, been sick for three years, and she just had to put a stop to her suffering.

So she finished the note, laboriously wheeled her chair to an open window, pulled herself to the sill and dropped out. The sound of her body striking the pavement in the courtyard attracted the attention of some of her neighbors, who telephoned the police. An ambulance arrived within a few minutes, but the woman was dead.

Not long ago New York City's Noise Abatement Commission wrote into the so-called Sanitary Code a statute under which people who insist on playing their radio sets so loudly that the din annoys their neighbors can be fined and, for repeated offenses, jailed. Many convictions were secured under the law, but in congested areas the "radio nuisance" is still a problem, and the nerves and making them unhappy and ill-tempered, even if it is not, as in the extreme case of Mrs. Dudley, accentuating physical and mental ill health and driving them to suicide.

Science Studying the Moods of Human Freaks

Emotional Peculiarities Which Go With the Distortions of Body and Make Dwarfs Pompous and Vain, Giants Quick-Tempered and Jealous, Siamese Twins Temperamental

SCIENCE has long since found out why dwarfs are so small, why giants are so tall and why the other human freaks have their peculiarities of size and shape. But not until recently has attention been given to the mentalities and emotions of these strange persons, and it appears that when nature endows one of its children with an abnormality of bodily form, it also often stamps the individual with peculiarities of temperament.

Siamese twins, it is found, are not always kind and sympathetic with each other, giants are usually shy and retiring and self-conscious, while midgets are vain, especially in affairs of the heart, and consider themselves superior to normal people.

Leading in the research into the peculiar eccentricities of the weird children of Nature is Professor Wesley Peacock, Ph. D., well-known psychologist and author of "Emotional Control." Not only the lives of present-day freaks, but all freak history shows, he finds, that freaks are as abnormal in their emotional and mental life as they are physically.

An analysis of freaks' strange minds may provide a key to significant discoveries regarding the normal intellect. Some Siamese twins have been vain little people. Most of the human grotesqueries can be traced to the false functioning of the pituitary gland situated at the base of the brain. This gland controls stature, the pigmentation of skin, and the other physical factors. This is also the gland that affects the mentality, and modern science believes that therein lies an explanation of the freak temperament.

Professor Peacock's research indicates that the torments self-consciousness to which freaks are subject tends to build up in the individual a sort of defense mechanism which makes them pompous and vain, and fat women sensitive about their roundness. "The Human Skeleton" suffers from lack of nourishment and is likely to be gloomy and irritable, seldom finding anything in life which brings a smile to his face.

There is exhibited in England and on the continent a pathetic creature known as the Ugly Woman on Earth. The victim of a glandular disorder, this unfortunate woman sits all day while sewing, paper, or appendage on which grow two thin arms and legs. This man, strangely, is known as The Duke of the Sideways. He is meticulous in his dress and vain about his appearance. Despite the fact that women turn away from him, he spends a good deal of his time in front of the mirror getting just the right angle to his nose.

The movie director found out about freak temperament when he made the picture, "Freak," in Hollywood recently. Years of directing temperamental



Daisy and Violet Hilton, the Most Perfect Siamese Twins That Ever Lived. But Science Finds That These Strange Anomalies of Nature Are Likely to Be Irritable and Afflicted With Fits of "Temperament."



Baron Gotsche-Panzer, Tallest Man in the World. Dwarfs Are Usually Vain, Conceited and Liable to "Huff-Blat" People of Normal Size.

Investigation Confirms the Popular Belief That Fat People Are Amiable. This is a Photograph of "Alice from Dallas," a 600-Pound Human Mountain. But of Even-Tempered Disposition and Never Quarrelsome.

\$5,000-a-week movie stars meant nothing when he started working with freaks, the most temperamental bunch of prima donnas that ever plagued a director.

There was violent discord on the set from the first day. One of the legless wonders became furious when the others were placed nearer the camera; a fat woman got mad when someone laughed at her as she walked on the set, and it took 15 minutes of arguing to calm her. Freaks were soon snubbing each other, and work became more and more difficult.

The old fairy tale about "Rumpelstiltskin," the ugly little dwarf with the terrible temper, is true to life. This folkloric character, it will be remembered, promised to let the beautiful miller's daughter go free if she could guess his name. But when she did so, Rumpelstiltskin became so furiously angry that he raged and stamped up and down, and stamped his legs into the ground and hobbled off on his stumps. And so, science finds, that many real-life dwarfs are eccentric and given to anger, jealousy and arrogance.

Tom Thumb, the most famous dwarf that ever lived, was not by any means the genial little fellow he is usually pictured, according to Professor Peacock, who has made a lifetime study of freaks. General Thumb was fondly

and kissed by beautiful women wherever he went, and was quite flattered with the attentions he received. In one of his letters to an admirer, now in the Harvard College library collection, he wrote, egotistically: "I have kissed nearly two millions of ladies, including the Queen of England, France, Belgium and Spain."

When the General was received at Buckingham Palace by Queen Victoria in 1844, P. T. Barnum, his exhibitor, warned him to treat the Queen with the greatest deference, but Thumb flew into a rage, attacked the Queen's position with a cane, to the horror of the aristocracy assembled; sang "Yankee Doodle" then considered an insult to the English Queen; treated everyone as inferiors, and said, when introduced to the Prince of Wales: "The Prince is taller than I, but I feel as big as anybody."

The Queen Dowager Adelaide said to Thumb at Marlborough House: "Why, General, I think you look smart today." The pompous little dwarf replied: "I guess I do, all right."

Thumb was not as vain, however, as Commodore Nutt, another famous Barnum dwarf. When Barnum took Nutt before the United States Cabinet, Nutt arrogantly kidded Abraham Lincoln about his long legs and bawled out the Cabinet for spending so much public money.

Despite his tiny stature and baby face, Nutt had a belligerent and quarrelsome nature. He was naturally quick-tempered and, when excited, talked about his knowledge and prowess at fighting.

Nutt and Thumb had their famous fight in Barnum's dressing room in 1863 over Lavinia Warren, a midget who later married Thumb. The savage little Nutt had his tiny opponent on his back "in double-quick time," and was pulled off by Barnum. There was always ill feeling between the tiny rivals.

Through a strange twist in their intellects, dwarfs frequently fall in love with, and sometimes marry, normal people. Burawski, the Polish dwarf (three feet, three inches tall), fell in love with a normal woman twice, Babe, the French dwarf in the court of Stanislas of Poland, flew into a murderous rage and made a savage attempt to burn Burawski alive in a fireplace when the king passed the latter.

Burawski's little sister, Anastasia, only two feet, two inches high, fell in love with a normal man, according to M. E. Wesner. In more modern times, Chiniqua, the Cuban midget, fell in love with, and married, a normal woman who paid to see him; he always had the feeling that his body was his own and was very conscious of his girth. When he died he had his body sewed in a leaden coffin (19 feet 2 inches long) and sunk in solid rock and sealed in the depth of the Epagora Forest, in the strange fear that showmen, curiosity-seekers or medical students might want to rob his grave.

Many Siamese twins, the weirdest people on earth, have been temperamental, highly sensitive people. Barnum had his troubles with Eng and Chang, the original Siamese twins, who quarreled bitterly and frequently with each other. Incredible as it seems, they once had a violent, bitter quarrel, and despite the fact of flesh which bound them together, did not speak to each other for three years.

Their differences were further aggravated by the fact that one was a commoner and the other was of noble birth. Chang was first born and inherited the status of the father, a Chinese noble. Eng was the second son and a mere commoner. Eng and Chang



Mme. Gabrielle Guenther, the "Half Woman." Nature Made an Attractive, Healthy, Intelligent Woman and Completed an Excellent Job Down to and Including the Hip Bones—and Then Entirely Forgot to Finish the Rest of Her Body!

Barnum's collection of arms and one seized a huge cloth and the other a sword that had been used in the Crusades. They were willing to learn each other when museum attaches managed to stop them.

Colonel Goshen was seven feet six inches tall and his parents were both over seven feet. He was advertised as the strongest, the tallest, and the largest man of modern times. He was terrific in battle and served as an artillery captain in the Crimean war.

Many giants have been butlers. In the 1870's, Marbury, a circus giant, showed the giant's love of battle by his fierce participation in fights. He was quick to take offense, and once engaged in a fight with a normal man. He was the blood-and-thunder giant of popular fiction; he had a frightful temper and vicious strength. He ate fabulously and kept other circus workers in constant fear. When displeased with the cooking he would kick up the table and throw it across the tent.

Professor Peacock attributes the superhuman prowess of Angoulaffre, the historic Saracen giant, who was 12 feet tall and had fingers nine inches long, to the queer temperament of giants. It was Angoulaffre who was killed by the great hero, Roland, in the siege of Roncevaux in the eighth century. Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, was eight feet tall himself.

Another type of giant is an actual weakling, and nearly all giants are short-lived.

Some giants have been shy and very self-conscious. Patrick O'Brien, born in Ireland in 1741, was highly eccentric. At 28 he was 8 feet 7 inches tall and retired as soon as he had enough money. He was mild in manner but devoted the people who paid to see him; he always had the feeling that his body was his own and was very conscious of his girth. When he died he had his body sewed in a leaden coffin (19 feet 2 inches long) and sunk in solid rock and sealed in the depth of the Epagora Forest, in the strange fear that showmen, curiosity-seekers or medical students might want to rob his grave.

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went to England to have a doctor cut them apart after a violent quarrel in 1869, but the operation was never performed. They married two American women and both had children.

This strange temperament is extended to all of Nature's poor deformed and freakish children. The Hilton twins, famous Siamese twins, are the most perfect of all joined-together twins, yet their guardian testified in a San Antonio (Texas) court that they cursed him and once tore his shirt off his back in a rage. One of the inseparable twins is engaged to be married, as recently announced in these columns.

Fat people, according to science as well as to popular opinion, are actually the best tempered of all freaks. Bearded ladies usually have tended to be masculine in nature as well as in appearance. The great Grace Gilbert was covered with heavy hair and was buck-toothed and sometimes drove stakes during the show season, and worked on a farm between seasons.

The sense of personal power in freaks is even manifest in the simple-minded "pin-heads." The original pin-head, Barnum's Whirl-It, was jealous of other freaks and refused, all his life, to talk to them. Once, in a fit of jealousy and rage, he threatened to murder two pin head children with the show because they were receiving too much attention. "Zip" was killed as the "Missing Link from the African Ethnoid." He wore an artificial raft of hair on top of his head and a suit of clothes of "gorilla hair."

The folklore and literature of the world has many eccentric freaks. There was Quasimodo, the hideous hunchback of Notre Dame Cathedral, and how he saved candlesticks and hated all people except two. And there are the dwarf Quiln in "The Old Curiosity Shop," the monster, Caliban, in "The Tempest," and the curious deformed people in "The Arabian Nights." But not all freaks have peculiarities of temperament. The most remarkable women of modern times was Madame Gabrielle Guenther, who was known as the "half woman." Nature completed an excellent job and made an attractive, healthy, intelligent woman down to and including the hip bones. But Nature entirely forgot to provide any leg bones of any kind whatever. But while Nature did this extraordinary and exceptional prank, she forgot to make the second son, Mme. Guenther was normal except for her missing legs.

With such a good good sense, Mme. Guenther said: "Please do not sympathize with me. A woman really does not need legs. I never had any, and yet I can do almost anything that other people can do, and I get along perfectly well without any legs. The people to be sorry for are the sawed off, the blind, the dumb—not the legless."

Weird! Believe It or Not

If somebody reported the things which will be stated below, as a fantastic dream, everybody would smile and forget it. But Mr. E. S. Shrapnell-Smith, C. R. E., who is something of a scientist and an authority on transportation in England, asserts with all seriousness that he has discovered and has in his possession a recent instrument capable of working a modern miracle. This incredible machine, he states, can detect from a photograph whether the subject of that photograph is dead or still living. Indeed, he declares that the moment a person dies, no matter whether he or she is on the other side of the world, the personal or "Z-Waves" as he calls them, cease to emanate from the photograph. Although Mr. Shrapnell-Smith is a man of reputable standing yet, since he does not fully explain things nor describe his machine so others can build one and test it—the reader may "believe it or not."

Mr. Shrapnell-Smith, who is a fellow of the British Chemical Society, says the strange apparatus was handed to him by a German scientist who stumbled on its secret accidentally when he was engaged in research work on the subject of the structure of matter. The German does not wish his name known because he is very busy with his new atomic theory and he does not want to be interrupted by a thousand questions about the new "Z-Ray" discovery. Mr. Shrapnell-Smith is doing a lot of answering just now, for the publication of his claims has caused a storm of doubt.

The basic claim of the new discovery is that there are life waves or "Z-Rays" given off by men, women and children, from their heads primarily, the chief point of emission being the center of the forehead. These invisible rays, it is declared, register when the person is being photographed and are retained in the photograph during the person's lifetime. By using his secret apparatus on any



Photographs Give Out Mysterious "Personal" Rays as Long as Their Originals Are Alive, According to Mr. Shrapnell-Smith, C. R. E., an Englishman Who Claims to Have Made a Machine Which Detects These Rays

photograph, or even a picture printed in a newspaper, Mr. Shrapnell-Smith declares, he can tell by the emanation of the rays from the likeness whether the person is alive or dead. If the person is deceased, then there are no "Z-Rays" from the picture. Mr. Shrapnell-Smith explains his instrument guardedly, in this way:

"The radiation from any photograph being tested is rendered apparent by bringing close to the photograph a positively charged electro-magnetic pole of a special and appropriate form and design. This pole is a sort of point or collector to which the emanation from the photograph jumps through an air gap. This gap varies from one-eighth of an inch to three-quarters of an inch, according to the vitality of the sitter at the time the photograph was taken. In features of athletes—batters, runners, the ring, a hurdler in the act of jumping, a football player in a scrimmage—the radiation is wonderful. It responds to my testing apparatus in three seconds.

"An ordinary studio photograph of a person more in repose may take ten to twenty seconds under the pointer before the magnetic pole records it.

"Let us suppose, in trying to explain this phenomenon, that the photograph of a person who is still alive radiates, in Z-Waves, the equivalent of positive electricity. With the simple rule that like poles repel one another, we can explain why there is movement in the positive electro-magnetic indicator. Now suppose that the photograph of a dead person radiates negative, instead of positive, impulses—the stillness of death is indicated."

The whole theory is still in the experimental stage. Mr. Shrapnell-Smith admits, though he says he has examined over 2,000 photographs, most of them with perfect accuracy. Even pictures transmitted by radio show the reaction, he says.

"When Joe Zangara attempted the life of Roosevelt," he declares, "photographs of all parties concerned were sent to London by radio. All gave good reactions showing life. After Mayor Cermak had been under oxygen for at least two days, I got his life-wave from a London newspaper photograph. On the morning following his death I tried it again and it was gone—there was no radiation."

"On the morning of Zangara's execution I tested his photograph every fifteen minutes, also from a London paper. His life-wave continued, and actually ceased while I was making a test, at 11:27 a. m., Eastern Standard Time. He was electrocuted at 9:15 a. m., Eastern Standard Time, and pronounced dead at 9:27 o'clock. This interval of two hours gives one soberly to think. I could not help wondering if the highly, deadly charge of electricity oozed from his body gradually—and if he really died, as a fact, at 9:27 o'clock."

"Electrocution is supposed to be practically instantaneous. Can it be that this machine, the execution varies in the time taken according to the condemned person's vital spark? Does the condemned person feel, after we think him dead?"

Certain British scientists have been skeptical of Shrapnell-Smith's claim is, on the face of it, "utterly ridiculous." Others decline to make any comment until Mr. Shrapnell-Smith furnishes a complete description of the detecting apparatus so that it can be duplicated experimentally and they can see just how it works. "Mr. Shrapnell-Smith declines to do so, so the reader may 'believe it or not'."

\$2 A Week Support for Lady Langford

LORD LANGFORD, England's funniest low-comedy peer, couldn't scrape up seven dollars a week to pay for Lady Langford's maintenance, so a London magistrate has cut the figure to two dollars a week. He owes her \$49 for back support, and to clear this up he's got to pay her a dollar a week extra. So Her Ladyship, the seventh Baroness of Langford, has three dollars a week to squander in luxurious living.

The affairs of this nobleman, who owns thousands of acres of land in Ireland but can't get a nickel out of them, and of his third wife, who wants in a divorce suit for seven dollars a week, when she has a job, have had many a fair in ditches for the past two years. It has been just that long since His Lordship, employed as a sheep-dipper on an Australian ranch, was advised that his Tinele had died and left him his title and cut estates in Ireland.

The new baron didn't want to go back to England and claim his title at all, for three reasons. The first was his first wife, whom he had left cozy employed as a waitress in an underground luncheon in the Strand. The second reason was his second wife, whom he had married in Australia and who could support him playing the fiddle, if necessary. The third was that he was just plain desiring him by not coming out to Australia to share his sheep-dipping burdens with him.

And Lady Langford testified that she had written him and asked him how the Sun Hill she was going to get to Australia when she only earned seven dollars a week. But the Lord and his wife, without bringing about his second wife, kept writing her.

"To not it plainly, you have deserted me. When God hath joined let man put asunder. I am not coming out of your married lines and try to see that your duty lies with me. I repeat again that I love you and want you, but unless you can see your way to come here and help me with your love we shall have to part."

The Baroness told the judge that her husband never had been in Ireland since he married her in Dublin in 1922. She was Miss Florence Ellen Shield then, merely a pretty Irish girl, and he was plain Mr. Clotworthy, Wellington Thomas Edward Rowley, 31 years old, who was waiting patiently for his uncle, the sixth Lord Langford, to die. Mr.

Letters were produced, written by His Lordship after his marriage in Australia, in which he kept telling his first wife that she was just plain desiring him by not coming out to Australia to share his sheep-dipping burdens with him. And Lady Langford testified that she had written him and asked him how the Sun Hill she was going to get to Australia when she only earned seven dollars a week. But the Lord and his wife, without bringing about his second wife, kept writing her.

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Rowley had never learned how to do anything to make a living and his stubborn old uncle just would not die. So, after a honeymoon in London—which his wife paid for by letting him pawn one of her rings—he told her that she had better get on her job because he was going out into the world to seek his fortune.

He sought his fortune in Canada and the United States, becoming a common hobo and taking odd jobs at manual labor wherever he could find them. One advantage he did have was a fairly well trained voice, and he managed at times to make a little money singing. Finally, when he had worked his way to Australia, six years later, he managed to sing himself into the possession of a second wife. He met Miss Gertrude Anderson Summerhayes, a violinist, and their common love of music brought them together as man and second wife.

Shortly after the happy-go-lucky Mr. Rowley's departure on his trip around the world, the wife whom he had abandoned in London gave birth to a son, who might have succeeded some day to the title of the eighth Lord Langford if he had lived. But the child died while the mother was trying to make a living as a sales clerk in London.

These events did not dampen the spirits of Mr. Rowley, who kept writing his wife now and then and telling her it was her duty to join him, though always it was up to her to raise the railroad and steamship fares. Finally, when his uncle had died and he had become Lord Langford, he had to quit writing letters and go back to London and face the music.

There was no evidence of any money which Lord Langford had, so the best the magistrate could do for Lady Langford was a decree that her husband must give her seven dollars a week. This he appears to have done for a period of about a year, but he fell into arrears last Spring and was put in an alimony jail for non-payment.

The fact that he went to jail, another magistrate decided just the other day, was proof enough that His Lordship could not pay the seventh Baroness seven dollars a week. So the maintenance to two dollars, with a dollar a week thrown in to take care of the arrears. And Lady Langford, who once dreamed of emulating her husband's vast estates in Ireland, is entertaining a new customer by serving tea, beer and buns in the underground lunch room where she is a waitress.

When he appeared in court the first time to answer his wife's maintenance suit, he declared he didn't have a job and didn't have a penny and even the clothes on his back had been loaned to him by friends. The judge smiled and remarked that the two emigrants, who represented him must have been loaned by friends also. And His Lordship declared that was actually a fact.

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Mid-ocean Airport for Airplanes

THE plan to have a floating airport in mid-ocean as a stopping point for transatlantic planes has been discussed ever since the first aviator flew across the Atlantic, and now it exists in fact. A floating island with a "population" of forty German sailors has taken up its position on the map in the South Atlantic, midway between West Africa and South America.

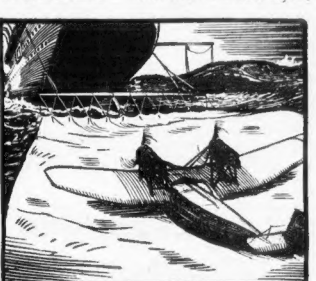
This is the floating aerodrome Westfalen, which will act as a stepping-stone for the German Lufthansa flying-boats on the 2,000-mile stretch between Natal, Bathurst, in British Gambia, and the South American coast.

Month after month the floating airport, an old North German-Lloyd liner of 5,000 tons, which has been rebuilt in such a manner as to be unrecognizable, will drift round in the doldrums, attracting the attention of the flying-boats during the day by smoke signals and during the night by searchlights of 120,000-candle power and flares.

The plan is that the flying-boat will land in the evening, and, after spending the night on the "island," will re-fuel and set off at dawn, and, to save time, the Westfalen will travel as quickly as it can all night—it can only travel at ten knots—in the direction the flying-boat was going.

The flying boat will not land on the Westfalen itself, but on a large tow-sail which will be dragged forward on the surface of the ocean. The flying-boat will then be hoisted up by powerful cranes. When about to resume its flight it will be shot off with a catapult in the same manner as naval airplanes from their mother-ships.

Recent dispatches from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, say that a trial flight and landing has been made successfully by the Lufthansa flying-boat Monsun. Flying from Rio de Janeiro, the Monsun landed on the tow-sail, was lifted to the ship



A Floating Airport in Mid-Ocean Where Planes Can Land and Break Their 2,000-Mile Trip From Africa to South America in a Large Operation, the Planes Landing First on a Tow-Sail Behind the Ship.

easily, and catapulted next day on its way, arriving in Natal, South Africa, after an eight-hour and twenty-five-minute flight.

The tow-sail as a "landing field" for seaplanes has been used in repeated tests by the Germans in the North Sea and it is believed will solve the problem of how the flying-boats can come down to the surface of the ocean in stormy weather, when the waves are usually so big that they ordinarily would engulf an airplane. The effect of the big tow-sail just floating on or near the surface of the water as it trails after the Westfalen, will be to furnish a relatively smooth surface area on which the seaplane can make a good landing. The canvas of course will "give" by sinking slightly as the seaplane comes down upon it, and will not interfere with the progress of the plane as it taxis close to the floating airport.

On the other hand the canvas "raft" will serve to keep down, at least partly, the heavy seas, and the worst of the rollers will not touch the seaplane as it comes down. However, the flying-boats are not expected to use the mid-ocean stopping place in very rough weather unless they have to in emergency.

Every comfort has been provided for the "marooned mariners" during their long stay on the "island." Enormous quantities of meat and provisions are on board, packed in cold-storage rooms specially constructed for the purpose. There is a large library, ample room for exercise, and—what will probably prove most welcome of all—a bar-munition and a good supply of other musical instruments.

In addition to being a floating airport, the Westfalen will also be a laboratory, for it is well equipped with meteorological instruments and carries a small band of experts who will check the weather and wind in the ocean as it trails after the Westfalen, will be to furnish a relatively smooth surface area on which the seaplane can make a good landing. The canvas of course will "give" by sinking slightly as the seaplane comes down upon it, and will not interfere with the progress of the plane as it taxis close to the floating airport.

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Boy Ends Love Triangle By Killing His Father

A YUGOSLAVIAN millionaire, a pretty Belgrade manicurist, who took him away from his wife, and the millionaire's murder in Salonica at the hands of his sixteen-year-old son, all figure in the latest international divorce and killing scandal. The climax of it all came when a Greek jury found the son, who had committed the crime to avenge his mother, not guilty.

The slain man was Mousa Asseo, an extremely wealthy mine owner of Yugoslavia, who, however, was a native of Salonica, a Greek citizen. Being in love with a Serbian manicurist, Lela Salevitch, and determined to get a divorce so he could marry her, Asseo had decided to go back to Salonica and divorce his wife there.

With his wife and his sixteen-year-old son, Semtov, he took a suite at the Hotel Mediteran in one far him self and the other, at the far end of the corridor, for his wife and son. The Asseos had been living in the same house, but as strangers to each other, for years. The latest reason for their estrangement was Lela Salevitch, who polished gentlemen's fingernails in Belgrade. Lela was the last of a long string of objects of Asseo's affections.

He had brought expensive jewels and a luxurious villa in Topchider Park, Belgrade's swank residence district, for his lady-love. He gave her all the money and presents she wanted, and Lela wanted lots. He ceased to take the slightest interest in his family, and the once generous husband and father became a skintight as far as his wife and children were concerned.

The family council assembled at Salonica, with relatives and lawyers, to discuss the divorce. All the relatives, including Asseo's brothers, were in favor of the wife. Lela Salevitch, however, could not be shaken in his resolution. Worse still, he insisted upon taking his four children away from their mother, because he was afraid she might influence them against him. He ordered them all placed in

various boarding schools in Switzerland. This part of the divorce plan caused the bitterest disagreement, and the discussion lasted until four o'clock in the morning, with no result.

Asseo and his wife returned to their bedrooms at the opposite ends of the corridor. At six o'clock a series of screams, moans and calls for help aroused the guests of the hotel. The cries came from Asseo's room. People rushed in and found the millionaire writhing in his bed, in a pool of blood.

When the ambulance came Asseo had strength enough left to mumble a few words. He said that his son, Semtov, had come into his room and attacked him with a huge butcher knife. The boy's first stabbed him through the leg and left him helpless. He was unable to defend himself against the boy's repeated slashings. At the hospital it was found that he had six or seven wounds, any one of which might have been the cause of his death.

After committing the crime, Semtov went to his room, calmly got into bed without a word to anybody, and went to sleep. He was sleeping so soundly when the detectives came that they had trouble waking him up. When he was taken to police headquarters he refused at first to answer any questions, but little by little the police drew from him the motive for his act. For the past ten years Asseo, whose marriage eighteen years ago had been looked upon as a love match, had been estranged from his wife. He had been keeping women all the time, and had spent enormous sums on them. He had never shown himself in public with them, however, until three years ago when he began living openly with Lela Salevitch. After the long divorce parley at the Salonica hotel, Asseo's wife had

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Family Squabble Among the Wealthy Wetherills

Millionaire Colonel Sam Sues His Ex-Daughter-in-Law Over Little Missing Trinkets; She Says Her Ex-Husband Did Not Divorce Her, Sues His Parents for \$400,000 and Charges That Their Son Is Not Married to His Second Wife---and Even the Butler Wants \$10,000 for Getting "Pinched"

Justine Jordan, Who Refused to Recognize Mr. Giles Wetherill's, Reno Divorce From Her.

WHAT could be sweeter to a husband than for his own pretty, young, fashionable wife to be "just crazy in love with him?" Young Giles Price Wetherill of Philadelphia, who is also a social-registerite and heir to the Wetherill paint and zinc millions as well as several households of priceless family heirlooms, was until recently in just that position and found it not sweet but "awful." He longed for a reliable love-cure for the ardent Mrs. Justine Jordan Wetherill. Giles tried the nationally advertised Reno medicine and this is what Mrs. Wetherill says happened two years later when she saw him on the streets of Philadelphia:

"My heart leaped up with the old love and I nearly collapsed."

However, she recovered, and, running up to the young man, told him just how she felt and that she was ready to take him right back that very minute.

Did the lucky youth swoon with joy? He almost swooned, though it was not from joy. As soon as Giles could recover his faculties he began giving reasons why, unfortunately, such bliss could not be. Some of these seemed rather sound. For instance, he had divorced lovely Justine in Reno two years previously and had since married Dorothy DeLoyn Wetherill, who was at some expecting him and he thought he had better hurry because he was half an hour late.

But Justine has royal blood in her veins, claiming descent from King George III of England, and right royally she swept these objections aside. "Nonsense!" she cried. "You know perfectly well that I was not properly served with the papers in that case. Therefore the divorce is no good. That makes Dorothy, er—I mean your marriage to her no good. But I will forgive you and it won't be necessary for you to go back at all, merely call her up and tell her. Give me the telephone number and I'll tell her so she will understand. You know."

But all Giles seemed to know was that he had better get away from there while he could and the affectionate beauty suddenly saw herself in the presence only of a group of sympathetic strangers, the men of whom looked as if they would gladly have taken to the fugitive's place. When a kindly, loving woman can't win her man with sugar she usually tries vinegar. So the first Mrs. Wetherill brought a series of suits to prove not only how much she still loved Giles but that her intentions were serious. She accused him of non-support, of having obtained an illegal divorce, of being untrue to her by living with his second wife, who, she states, is no wife at all. Then she sued for a Pennsylvania divorce, and has just got it.

But the new wife, being an heiress, deals only with reliable persons and is not used to having someone come around with a claim that something in her house belongs to someone else. Naturally she was much annoyed at learning of this unsavory mortgage on her husband by his first wife. Her displeasure was too great for one woman to hold. It spread over the whole Wetherill family, rooting Giles' father, old Colonel Samuel Wetherill, third to bear that honorable name and descended from Samuel Wetherill, famous Quaker preacher of Revolutionary times.

Quakers, when smitten on one cheek, are supposed to turn the other. The original Samuel might have done so but not this one. He smote back at his former daughter-in-law. The colonel came bristling out of retirement and with the aid of a lawyer fired counter-charges, some of them rather small for such a big social and financial gun. One of these was to sue out a warrant for arresting Justine with "larceny and wilful conversion of a \$500 pin belonging to Mrs. Col. Wetherill."

Trials and hearings followed. The colonel's lawyer asserted that Giles' Reno divorce was a perfectly good, copper riveted one and besides, even if it wasn't, Justine's marriage to Giles was no good, either, so it did not matter. When the lady who is descended from kings heard this she gasped out:

"Why! How can you say a thing like that?"

"Spitewood," the Stately Mansion of Colonel Samuel Wetherill, Near Philadelphia.

was out of order. However, if she admitted that the marriage had been made under those circumstances that would just about put a finish to her case.

"Oh, no, it wouldn't," Judge," answered Justine, who was out of order again, but didn't care. "There is a lot more of it. You see, I married him again after I received the final papers so as to make sure. And then, to make doubly sure, I did it a third time, with his own mother and father to witness it."

Staggering from this blow, the lawyer went on as best he could, intimating that she had grabbed Giles when he was a mere boy in prep school and rushed him to the altar while he was almost below the age of consent, that she had deserted her first husband and was still receiving alimony from him, together with other rough matrimonial tactics.

Justine ridiculed everything said against her and after relating all the things she claimed her husband and his family had done to her, astonished the judge by asserting that in spite of all his faults she loved him still as much as ever. The judge peered at her more out of order than ever, but he only shook his head.

The first Mrs. Giles Wetherill, who claims to be the one and only Mrs. Giles Wetherill, denied that she had ever seen the \$500 pin, but she has a theory of how it happens to be missing. It seems that heirlooms, jewelry, articles of gold and silver had been in the habit of making trips from the various Wetherill mansions and back again, sometimes causing litigation, because nobody dared tell the head of the family about them.

Justine said that while she was living with Giles that young man was not earning any money. Being heir to millions why should he get a job and displace some man who needed the money? In these days of shortening working hours, he went the patriotic limit of not working any hours. This was all right except that it left Mr. and Mrs. Giles Wetherill dependent on the Colonel's allowances, which at times failed to balance their budget.

Instead of reconciling it was customary to gather up a few of the innumerable trinkets and visit the pawnbroker. The colonel had a violent prejudice against such financing and a memory as long as an auctioneer's catalog. Every time he visited his son's

home, the old gentleman insisted on checking up on all the knickknacks.

Early in 1931, she says that the colonel came home from Europe earlier than scheduled, precipitating a crisis because Giles had been marching under the three-ball sign with some of his father's price collection of antique jewelry. Having no money, how would he get them out before Papa's arrival?

To save her husband from this predicament, Justine says she lent him a \$5,000 silver tea set which the old gentleman was not interested in and would not miss because his wife had given it to her daughter-in-law. The pawnbroker swapped the jewels for the silver and Justine says it was on the understanding that he was to redeem the silver as soon as he received his next allowance check.

Instead, she says her husband announced that he had to go to Cleveland, which required all the money there was in the house. She kissed him good-bye, never to see him again for two years. What was her dimmy to learn that instead of Cleveland, he had gone to Reno and divorced her? To add insult to injury, he had married the charming Denver heiress, Dorothy, who was in Reno waiting rid of her noble husband, Comptroller DeLoyn.

Justine went to court to protect her rights and to the pawnbroker for her gear, but, according to her, the gentleman told her that Giles Wetherill and his mother had been there before to take it back by signing a paper which stated that the pawn ticket had been lost. The pawnbroker further added that since Giles Wetherill had brought the tea set in for loans just as he had brought in many other heirlooms, he had redeemed the tea set just as he had redeemed the other things. But Justine was outraged. The tea set belonged to her. She threatened to sue the pawnbroker, for she said she had the ticket, but the case was settled out of court.

It is probable that the same secret financial causes were brought by Benito Espinosa and his wife. The Espinosa had been arrested for larceny of heirlooms while Benito was

Mrs. Samuel Price Wetherill at a Costume Ball. She Is Justine's ex-Mother-in-Law.

the Wetherill butler, but released after ten hours' detention. For this they sued the colonel at the rate of \$1,000 for each hour. This was settled out of court, probably for less money, because in these days one could hire even movie stars to go to jail for less than that.

The pawnbroker also is blamed for the colonel's reprieve suits against Justine for a silver meat platter, a pearl and gold hair ornament, a tile table, an Oriental rug and three etchings.

Protesting that she was not properly divorced, Justine used her husband for desertion and non-support. He was arrested in Nevada, but he was released, for he claimed that he had been sending her \$50 a week, all that he could spare. Mrs. Wetherill had papers issued for the extradition of her husband to Pennsylvania, but the Governor of Nevada refused to extradite the young man. John R. K. Scott, noted Philadelphia divorce lawyer, who was handling the case, advised Justine Wetherill, said at that time: "Of course, just as we expected Nevada isn't giving up any of her millionaires. She needs them too badly. But if young Wetherill comes to Pennsylvania, or any other State, he will be nabbed."

When the extradition efforts did not work, Mrs. Wetherill then turned around and filed a bail suit against the in-laws for \$200,000 from each parent for wrecking her marriage. She claimed that all sorts of things had been done to humiliate her. Her charge accounts had been cut off without any notice. Her doctors had been called up and told that the in-laws would not pay the fees. When Justine gave a dinner at her apartments after the departure of her husband, the waiter in-

When Murray Ran Low in the Home of the Young Couple, It Was the Custom, According to Justine, to Visit the Pawnbroker With Some of the Family Heirlooms. Pinned So Highly by Old Colonel Wetherill, and When the Colonel Unexpectedly Returned to Town, There Was a Wild Scramble to Redeem the Precious Objects.

intercepted the check, not allowing her to sign it, but demanding cash. Her rent was unpaid and she had to move.

Justine claimed that she was left without money for telephone calls or carfare. She was forced to subsist on the charity of her friends. But the Wetherills refused to accept services on the \$100,000 suit.

Colonel Wetherill knew that his ex-daughter-in-law had danced at the Elvira Carlton Hotel during the Summer, had acted in several society plays, and had stage ambitions. She says she came to her and asked her \$2,000 to drop the suits. Today she thinks she must have been crazy from starvation to have accepted the small amount. It certainly was a thirty-day's work for the colonel.

There is much conversation in high society about such strange doings in one of Philadelphia's oldest families. Some think it is unethical for the husband to get the divorce, and even more so if he gets it when the wife isn't looking. Also they don't think it quite dignified for an elderly millionaire to count the silver and bric-a-brac after a daughter-in-law has been divorced. Considering that he has pocketed the young woman down from a \$400,000 suit for alienation of affections to a mere \$2,000, they think the colonel might have written off a few trinkets and pieces of furniture to "profit and lose."

Even hotels expect a certain amount of their linen to be stolen by guests instead of having the delinquents arrested, and all to the room rates and say nothing. But others feel that the way to fight a litigious lady is with counter suits, on the theory that it is hold-up anyway. Meanwhile young Giles seems to have dug in and disappeared somewhere in Philadelphia while his second wife, if she is a wife, has dug out beyond the jurisdiction of the Pennsylvania courts. It is reported that she is becoming increasingly annoyed at the situation. But no matter how disgusted she might be, it was impossible to divorce her husband, if he is her husband, until the various legal scuffles with Justine were over. Now that Justine has her divorce, it would seem that Dorothy has a clear claim to Giles. Dorothy has been advised that before leaving she had better call in her father-in-law and have him count the spoons.

Tomb of the Aztec King & the Spanish Tortured?

Explorers Find a Mound of Ruins in the Mexican Jungle Which the Savage Natives Worship and Legend Says Hides the Treasures of the Aztec Chieftain Cuauhtemoc



A Mound of the Mayan Regions of Mexico. It Is an Ancient Ruin Similar to This Which Count Prorok Plans to Excavate, Believing It Is the Lost Tomb of Cuauhtemoc and Perhaps May Hold the Buried Treasure.

MEXICO CITY, July 17. OUT of the dripping jungle-lands of silent, abandoned cities, the exploring expedition of Count Byron Kuhn de Prorok has emerged with the announcement of two extremely interesting discoveries—If subsequent research work confirms them. Deep into the uncharted country of the Lacandon Indians, vestiges of the mighty rulers of a great empire which once extended into Central America, and which has left no traces except the scattered semi-nomadic tribes who hate the white man as the "great destroyer," penetrated the Prorok-Sadler scientific expedition several months ago. The result of this expedition, which used three special airplanes to approach the "Congo region" of Mexico—the States of Chiapas and Tabasco—will be made known soon in a report to be made to the ethnographic institutions affiliated with the University of Paris.

Two outstanding scientific "finds" were claimed by the Count, who has already achieved distinction through his excavations of the site of ancient Carthage and his explorations in the Sahara Desert.

One of these finds is contained in half a dozen or more cases of fossil remains—human and animal bones and huge implements—discovered in hidden caves of the Chiapas jungle surrounded by numerous mysterious stone inscriptions. These will prove, Count Prorok affirms, that cave-men lived on the American continent in the paleolithic epoch—about the year 100,000 B. C.—and that the peoples of this hemisphere did not migrate from Asia or Europe or the lost Atlantis, but developed through the evolutionary stages right here in America.

The other discovery is a huge mound in the State of Tabasco worshipped by natives who have converted it into a shrine where incense burns incessantly. This mound, according to native tradition, contains the lost tomb of Cuauhtemoc, the Youth-Emperor, last of the great Aztec rulers. Cuauhtemoc, with whom the reign of the Aztecs ended, vanished while he was taken on an expedition into Southern Mexico by his captors, members of Hernan Cortes' Spanish conquistador company. The legend is that they took him on the trip in an effort to force him to divulge location of a fabulous gold mine whence came the abundance of the prized metal seen in Tenochtitlan, now Mexico City.

Cuauhtemoc—Aztec name which means "Descending Eagle"—is still revered by many Indians as the symbol of martyrdom of the natives at hands of the invaders, and he was officially recognized as a national hero of Mexico several years ago, when a large bronze statue of him was erected on Mexico City's aristocratic "Paseo de la Reforma." The young Emperor, son of Ahuitzotl "The Builder and



Dull-Witted Chief of the Wild Jungle Tribe Whose Ancestors, Count Prorok Believes, Were the Highly Cultured Lords of a Mighty Central American Empire.



Count Byron Kuhn de Prorok, Leader of the Expedition into the Uncharted Jungle Country of the Lacandon Indians of Mexico.



First and Only Photograph Ever Taken of a Lacandon Sacred Temple, Where This Wild Tribe Still Worships the Sun and the Moon.

Killer"), was married to one of Montezuma's daughters, and ascended the throne in 1520 upon the death of his uncle, Cuhtlahuac.

It was Cuauhtemoc who led the defense of Mexico City against the superior forces of the Spaniards and their numerous Indian allies, and it had been Cuauhtemoc who rebelled violently at Montezuma's assent to admission of the invaders. Slap by slap Cuauhtemoc was driven back. He and his few faithful followers were soon cornered in a cluster of buildings. Their food gave out—they ate insects, herbs, leaves, roots. They were finally overwhelmed, and the defiant Cuauhtemoc, voicing loudly his hatred of the white man, the Christian who was destroying their religion and their empire, was taken captive.

For a while he was treated as became a royal prisoner. But the gold-greedy Spanish soldiers soon got to him. They wanted him to tell where

the vast store of treasure—of solid gold, of ornaments, jewels, precious fabrics—was hidden. Cuauhtemoc remained silent. They put him to the "torture." He was bound hand and foot, and for a fortnight the soldiers provided him with a heater of red-hot coals. At the same time they applied hot coals to his arms and face and chest. One of his courtiers was undergoing the same torture nearby. The courtier cried aloud, groaning and moaning, appealed to Cuauhtemoc to permit him to talk, waiting that he was undergoing the tortures of hell. Cuauhtemoc's reply has gone down in history as symbolic of the Indian stoicism:

"Do you think I am resting on a bed of roses?"

Legend has it that on the journey into Southern Mexico, in the region of what had been the great Mayan empire, Cuauhtemoc was finally strangled to death by the Spaniards, who despaired of his revealing any information and who feared that as long as they had

him with them they might be attacked. The legend continues that Aztec subjects of the Youth-Emperor—reputed to have been twenty-five years old when he assumed the throne—followed the expedition and recovered the body, spirited it away through the mountains to the region of what is now the State of Tabasco, not far from the great river Usumacinta, "Nile of America," where they buried their chieftain, and with him the great store of treasure which the Spaniards had been seeking.

Discovery of the tomb would, besides the great intrinsic value of the possible treasure, throw light on little known aspects of the pre-Spanish civilization, the scientists believe.

Count is returning in the Fall to excavate the mound.

Although less fascinating in popular interest, the fossil discoveries of the Prorok-Sadler expedition may lead, they believe, to real knowledge which will throw into discard all existing theories about the cradle of the human race.

"Why couldn't the human race have originated on this continent as well as elsewhere?" asked Count Prorok, and then quickly answered himself: "There is no reason to believe it couldn't have, and with the discoveries we have made, I don't think any scientist will doubt the existence of paleolithic man in

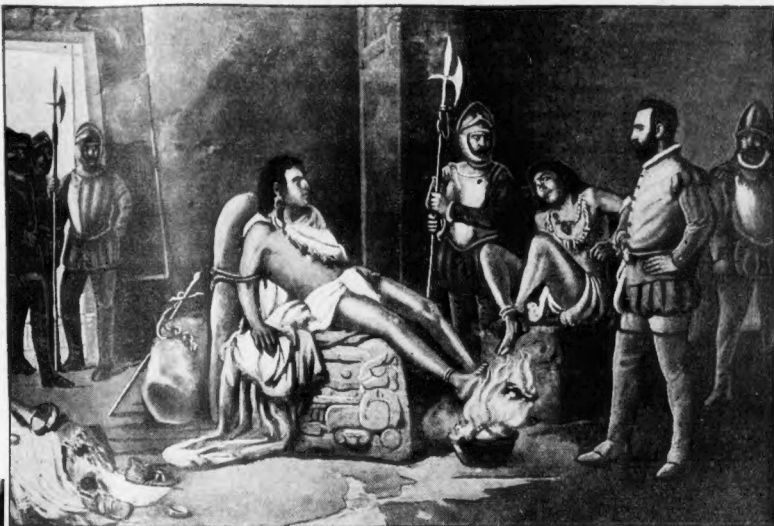
Mexico at least 100,000 years ago, and maybe more."

While the explorers brought with them a great many fossils and bones, they left behind many great stone sculptures and other objects found in caves which they suddenly came upon while cutting their way through dense jungles. The size of some of the implements, such as stone hammers and stone axes, indicate, Prorok declared, that the prehistoric men who inhabited these regions were of giant stature and great physical proportions.

"It must have taken a biceps and forearm as big around as the waist of an average man today to wield these weapons," Count Prorok mused, adding, "I'm sure they used these to crack the skulls of the giant monsters which roamed these regions then—monsters long since extinct."

That there has been shrinkage in size of the natives inhabiting the region has been proven by comparison of recent data. Records and remains of some of the Mayan tribes are available. The Prorok expedition took accurate measurements of the present day Indians—almost dwarfs in height—and compared them with the others.

"Here you have a gap of a mere twelve or fourteen centuries," Count



The Spanish Conqueror Cortes Torturing Cuauhtemoc, the Aztec Chieftain, Successor of the Murdered Montezuma, and Also One of His Aides to Force Them to Divulge the Hiding Place of the Aztec Treasure.

Prorok exclaimed, "Imagine what could have taken place in 1,000 centuries!"

It was no easy task to reach the Lacandon, one of the few absolutely pagan peoples of Mexico who know nothing of Christianity, and who do not wish to know of anything connected with the white man. The ancestors of these bitterly fought the expedition of Spaniards who came to their region, and once repulsed them. They were finally conquered, but only a few were taken captive, for the rest three themselves and their families into the bosom of the Great Mother, the Usumacinta River.

Since that time the remnants of the great empire have not mingled with Mexicans or any other peoples. They have intermarried among relatives and have degenerated in size. The Lacandon of today are still semi-nomadic, living by their skill as hunters.

When the explorers, who had slashed their way through jungles seven weeks to reach them, entered the thatched roof huts, the Indians fled into the tangled brush. Count Prorok recounts that during the whole seven weeks the explorers did not once see the sun—because of the great growth of trees and vines and moss above them—and they did not once touch the earth because of the great carpet of underbrush which they trod while a small army of Indians blazed the trail with their machetes.

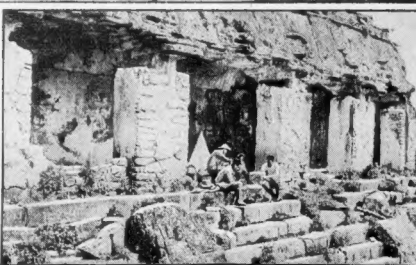
Returning to his finding of evidence of primitive man in America, Count Prorok asserted:

"This expedition proves conclusively that the Americans were an original people who sprang from this continent, and thus abolishes the theory of the lost Atlantis source and the Mongolian invasions of America. I'm not asking anyone to take my word for this at this time."

Fossil remains of prehistoric ante-diluvian animals were seen in large quantities in the heart of the Lacandon country, near Lake Petha. All the objects will be studied by international paleontologists and anthropologists and a scientific report will be published which will show that the entire human race could have originated in America as well as in Africa, Asia or anywhere else.

Besides these discoveries and those of stratified remains of primitive man in the caves, Count Prorok was impressed by the scores of silent, abandoned cities in the jungles. The land was cleared for a few hundred feet around some of these and splendid temples with still vivid paintings and carvings on stone shone before the eyes.

In these temples, Count Prorok believes, the vanished ancestors of the present-day Lacandones collected the same Sun and Moon worship rites which form the basis of the present day religion in that region. Prorok expects to return in the Fall for a lengthy siege of excavations, both in the Lacandon region and at the "lost tomb of Cuauhtemoc."



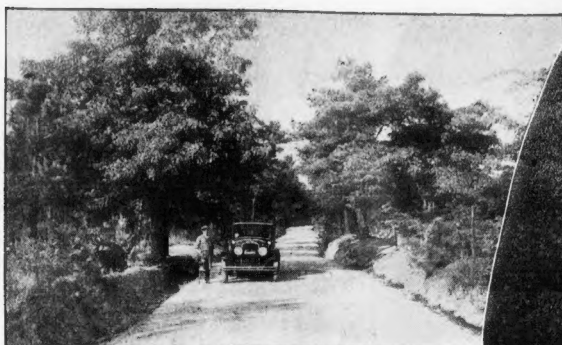
Prorok Expedition Encamped in the Ruins of Palenque, One of the Capitals of the Mayans.



A Group of Lacandones, Showing How the Wild Natives Have Gone Backward in Evolution and Have Reached a Diminutive Stature Almost Like Pigmies. They Are Descendants of the Old Mayans Who Were Brave and Cultured People.

A Murder Stranger Than Any Mystery "Thriller"

Victim First Acts Like a Coward, Then Dies Like a Hero, His Fiancee Believes a Masked Man in Overalls Is a Policeman, the Murderer Makes the Crime as Dangerous as Possible, Then Leaves Evidence to Identify Him or a Totally Innocent Man



The Lonely Spot on the Road Where the Masked Man Forced the Couple to Leave the Car and Enter the Woods. The Man With the Wooden Leg Is E. E. Strickland, Who Is the Most Important Witness in the Murder.

THE recent murder of William Lambert, 22-year-old radio star, after being "taken for a ride" with his 19-year-old fiancée, in his own car, is as full of mysteries and strange behavior on the part of all concerned as if they had collaborated to make it more mysterious than any mystery thriller.

The spot where the murderer first appeared to Lambert and Miss Lillie Mae Robertson, who was to have become Mrs. Lambert in another month, happened to be near the million-dollar airport outside Birmingham, Ala., an almost perfect place for any sort of a crime of violence. Yet the murderer took the fantastic and unnecessary risk of getting into the car with them and driving seven miles in order to commit the crime in such an unfavorable spot that his escape was almost miraculous.

Miss Robertson says that the man loomed up in the dark, brandishing a gun and wearing overalls, a dirty cap and a mask, announcing that he was a policeman, that they were under arrest and must go with him to the police station. Who ever heard of a masked policeman? Yet the girl states that she and Lambert both believed him, making no effort to resist or call for help, though several occasions presented themselves when it would almost certainly have been quickly given.

If Lambert was so cowed by the sight of the masked man's revolver that he dared not snatch at the weapon nor cry out during the long ride and the walk that followed, why did he then exhibit reckless heroism by using bare fists against a six-foot man armed with a revolver?

If taking his victims from what seemed an easy and safe place to one that was unusually dangerous and then getting away with it, indicates some deep-laid plot by a master mind, why did the criminal leave behind two articles, each one identified in connection with Clarence Higginbotham, former amateur baseball catcher and of late a small-time offender, who had recently escaped from a prison camp? Were they "planted" deliberately by the murderer to incriminate him?

The exhausted and nervous girl is a rather heavy person, suffering from "athlete's head," as one of the detectives described him. He would hardly have had the nerve and imagination to carry through such a deed. Yet if someone else did it and planted those false clues, why did the murderer let the girl see his face, after he was all over? And if Higginbotham was nothing to do with it, why does he not give himself up, knowing that she will surely clear him of the crime?

Young Lambert was one of those rare exceptions. A nobody in 1929, when the rest of the world was prosperous, yet who rose to fame and prosperity in the face of the depression. This busy and talented youth had his own orchestra, known as "Bill Lambert's Midnight Tumbler," but he was best known all over the South as "Sir Bill" in his radio trio composed of himself, Earl Drake and Garland Carl, a popular feature of Birmingham's stations WABC and WBRC.

There were no financial obstacles in the path of this young money-maker when he fell in love with pretty Miss Robertson and on the evening of May



William Lambert, the Twenty-Two-Year-Old Radio Singer, Known Throughout the South as the "Sir Bill" of the "Depression Trio." He Met His Death Defending His Fiancee From a Mysterious "Love Bandit."

31, when he took the girl for a drive in his coupe. As they were skirting the great Municipal airport, two miles from the city, the car was stopped to watch the beacon's rotating arms of light, in hope that the flood lights would be turned on and some plane dive down out of the dark sky.

They were happily planning their wedding the next month, month of June brides, when she noticed a tall figure standing behind the car and pointed it out to Lambert. It would have been possible for him to have driven away, but instead he committed the folly of getting out and talking to the person. For a while she saw them conversing in low tones. Then there was a movement and she realized that the stranger was going through her fiancée's pockets. A holdup! A moment later the two came to the car and the stranger, flourishing a revolver, stated that he was a policeman, that they were under arrest and must go with him to the police station. He was a queer-looking cop, wearing a dirty cap over one ear, overalls

and a handkerchief over the lower half of his face as a mask.

"But we haven't done anything to be arrested for," Miss Robertson said as he told her companion.

"He wouldn't let Bill drive," she continued, "so Bill put me in the middle and he sat at the door. Later he whispered that he was going to pull the door open and give us a chance to get out, but the car was going too fast at this time."

"He told us he was going to take us to a police precinct station at Seventy-seventh Street and First Avenue (about a mile from the airport and located in East Lake), but he did not go anywhere near there."

If Lambert was waiting an opportunity to let the girl out, the police want to know why he did not find it while the car passed through several blocks of crowded traffic and passed two white-capped policemen, while the masked bandit steered with one hand and shifted gears with the other which also held his gun. Could it be that he recognized the man?

It was not until they had passed through East Lake into a lonely cut-off road between Ironside and Crestline Heights that the two prisoners began to protest that he was not going toward any station. But threatening them with his gun and warning them not to look at him, he drove on for four or five miles further, finally stopping at a point which used to be quite a favorite "lovers' lane" until the romance was taken out of it by several murders there. Since then the place has been quite free of parked cars for that reason and also because there have been more residents in the neighborhood recently.

The bandit announced that the car had run out of gas, though the police found four gallons in the tank.

"You'll have to walk now," said the masked man, forcing them to get out and go ahead of him through a section of woods interspersed with small farm plots. The three walked down a little hill which had been freshly plowed, later when they reached the woods, the course was altered presumably at the command of the bandit, and they proceeded back across a corner of the farm land. From here a small path led to a wagon road, around which were a number of trees. The bandit forced his victims to continue approximately a quarter of a mile from where the car was parked down the wagon road to a large oak tree that stood near a fence just beyond another small section of farm land

also freshly cultivated.

Whatever illusions there may have been in Lambert's mind up to this time, they were shattered at this point. Calling a halt, the tall masked man commanded:

"Look away and let me have the girl!"

At these words the young musician lost his meekness and, putting an arm around Miss Robertson, answered: "I'll die before I'll let you have her."

"Get away, I tell you," snarled the love-bandit, his words making the handkerchief mask puff outward, "and let me have the girl!"

Lambert hesitated. Then in a soothing tone, he pleaded: "I'm going. Let's talk this over."

The reply was a profane refusal. The next thing Miss Robertson knew, her fiancé had made a rush straight at that leveled revolver. He got in one blow to the tall man's face, there was a brief scuffle, then the gun roared three times. The young radio star dropped on his face, his career over, with one bullet through the shoulder and two in his heart.

The terrified girl stood face to face with the murderer, whose mask and cap had been torn off in the scuffle. She saw he had a bearded face which she would have no trouble in recognizing if she ever sees him again. The shots were heard by many ears and one witness saw the three flashes. Outside the airport from which the killer had been at such pains to bring them, the reports, if heard at all, would probably have been mistaken for the first explosions of an airplane engine. Also from the airport there are many roads of escape, while here there are very few.

As Lambert lay dying on the ground, the bandit demanded that Miss Robertson help him search for a cap he had lost in the fight. Halfheartedly she looked for it, but could not find it and



Miss Lillie Mae Robertson, Nineteen-Year-Old Fiancee of the Radio Singer, Who Saw Him Murdered.



Miss Lillie Mae Robertson, Nineteen-Year-Old Fiancee of the Radio Singer, Who Saw Him Murdered.

the murderer fled, telling her to go to a farm house and call for aid. "I'm going," were his last words, and Miss Robertson did not wait to see how badly poor Lambert that hurt but ran to a house where Miles Ingram, colored, had already been awakened by the shots. Ingram was asked to call an ambulance and then Miss Robertson started down the road, toward another farm house.

After going only a few feet, she saw a man approaching her, and again she ran to Ingram, thinking the man was the one who killed Lambert. However, Ingram identified the man as E. E. Strickland, and advised her to ask Strickland to go for help. He telephoned for an ambulance and called police.

A middle-sized man, with a wooden leg, Strickland may be one of the main persons in unraveling this mystery. From his tent, not more than 100 yards from where Lambert was killed, Strickland saw the fire from the killer's pistol. He saw the last two shots fired, and he heard the man shout to Miss Robertson, "you'd better go to a farm house and call an ambulance, I'm going." He also heard Miss Robertson run through a stack of corn stalks that were piled at the edge of the wagon road. Evidently she did not take time to rush up the wagon road, but in a frightened daze, she ran through heavy brush and ditches, taking the nearest

"You will have to walk now," said the Masked Man, Forcing the Couple to Leave the Car and Go Ahead of Him Through the Countryside. The Three Walked Down a Little Hill and Then Entered a Thick Section of Woods. A Quarter of a Mile From the Car the Bandit Commanded:

"Look away and let me have the girl!"

But Instead, the Radio Singer Rushed at the Armed Man and Was Instantly Shot to Death.

cut to the automobile.

The police found no clues that night because they busied themselves in trying to catch the murderer, whose escape from that neighborhood they thought would be almost impossible. Yet escape he did. Strickland returned to the murder scene the next morning at sun-up. Near the tree, approximately 15 feet from where the body had lain, he found a cap.

Two feet from the cap he found a pair of women's glasses. And a few steps further he found a handkerchief initialed "O. J. H."

Neighbors had gathered there to see the murder scene and one by one the clues were identified. The cap was identified by a man who had loaned it to someone else. The glasses were identified as those of a girl who lived in the neighborhood.

The girl said they had been on the same person who had the cap. The handkerchief was identified as being the property of another man who had no connection with the case. He had lost the handkerchief several days before, he said. This made it evident that the bandit had recovered his mask before he left.

All clues corresponded and men who had helped solve other crimes in the same neighborhood placed the finger of suspicion on Higginbotham.

Higginbotham is known to have slept in a barn near the scene until the night of the crime and his former wife lives in the vicinity. Furthermore, a bullet taken from the dead man's body fits a .38 caliber Remington-Union City ball player is known to have carried.

But none of this evidence is at all conclusive and Higginbotham may have a perfectly good alibi. If he has, why doesn't he appear to present it? Or has he also been killed?

It was in that same neighborhood that a negro killed two white women and seriously wounded the third. There, too, was found the body of Nancy Rochelle with the dying policeman Clyde Vaughan, but it was never known whether this was a double murder or a case of murder and suicide. A negro recently was hanged after confessing to the murder of a Birmingham attorney, who was stabbed to death there with an ice pick.

When the Earth

The Past Re-Created in
and Scientists in Vivid
Progress of Vegetation



1—FIELD MUSEUM NATURAL HISTORY

1—This Picture Represents a Period in the Early History of the Earth Before Life Had Developed on Its Surface. The Earth Had Been Cooled So That Much of the Water Vapor Previously Held as Clouds Had Already Fallen and Been Gathered in Depressions of Irregular Shape, Creating a Harsh Scenery. The Earth's Crust Was Broken Here and There by Fracturing and Folding, and Molten Lava Welled Up From Below and Spread in Rivulets Over the Rough Surface.

From the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.

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GORGE WASHINGTON never saw a postage stamp, never rode in an automobile, and would not have known what to do if the telephone bell rang—and yet he lived in a highly civilized age, only 135 years ago.

Looking back on those Colonial days, we wonder how people got along without modern conveniences, with no railroads or modern smooth-surfaced highways, or even photographs of men and things and events.

But looking much further back to the very beginning of things on this earth, only the trained mind of science is able to present a picture of landscapes, living creatures and events. And this very task of presenting in pictures the early world, the development of life and the progress of man has been undertaken by the Field Museum of Natural History of Chicago and the Buffalo Museum of Natural Science in Buffalo, New York. In these institutions are a series of great paintings, quite life-like, though often terrible, and also modeled and colored groups of men and beasts called "three-dimension reconstructions," which stir the imagination of visitors.

Pictures and reconstructions are two methods of presenting the past, which have each their advantages. The pictures show many colossal extinct animals and strange forms of scenery, which could not be represented so well in models. The latter, however, explain many details of the life of past ages, such as the dress, habits and peculiar habits of prehistoric men more clearly than the pictures.

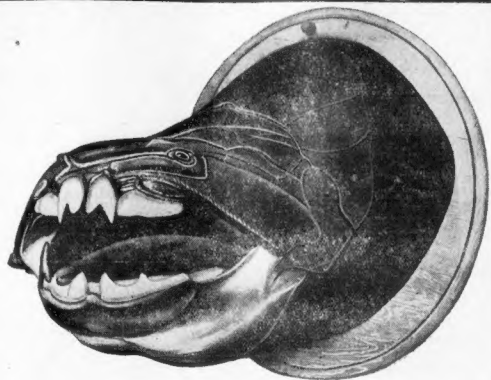
The Chicago paintings were executed by Charles R. Knight, of New York, who is perhaps the best known living artist in the special field of illustrating prehistoric times. He is a student of prehistoric life himself and had the constant advice of the experts of the New York Natural History Museum and had fossils and other relics of the past continually before his eyes while making his pictures. They were the gift to the Museum of Ernest R. Graham, a Chicago architect.

The pictures are of two sizes, the largest 25 feet by 9 feet, the others 11 feet by 9 feet. They are arranged to form a continuous series around the walls of Ernest R. Graham Hall, so that the inquiring visitor can follow the gradual development of life from the time before life appeared on its surface, on through the slow creation of all living matter and animals during countless millions of years down to the appearance of man.

The Buffalo Museum of Science in its new lifelike reconstructions gives especial attention to man's appearance on earth. They were made by a large staff of scientists, modelers and other experts under the direction of Dr. Carlos E. Cummings, acting director of the Museum. In these groups you can stand face to face with very realistic models of the caveman, the Neanderthal man and the many prehistoric races of men that evolved from monkey-like creatures. You can see them making rough weapons and the earliest clothes and struggling forward painfully through countless thousands of years towards the beginnings of comfort and civilization. These models also give valuable instruction about savage life and that of strange, little understood races like the Mayas and others whose place in civilization is hardly fixed.

In the selection from the exhibits of these two museums on this page the reader can enjoy a summarized view of the earth's development from the creation. The Chicago scientists have estimated that the earth began to take form about 1,500,000,000 years ago, and they display a picture of it as it was at that time. There was no life on it then. It had recently been a molten mass and had just cooled off sufficiently to allow the water vapor to condense on its surface. Its crust was still fracturing and molten lavas welled up from below, and the earth appeared a burning, steaming mass.

In the next stage, large parts of the globe were transformed into a very strange and beautiful appearance. The earliest living things, which were water plants, then came into existence. They were of many beautiful colors and secreted lime, and thus built up great stony basins such as are seen in the Yellowstone Park. With these basins, water plants of many colors grew up.



A Giant Armored Fish That Swam the Prehistoric Oceans.
—From Model in the Buffalo Museum of Science, Buffalo, New York.

Animal life evolved in the Ordovician Period about 400,000,000 years ago. All this life was in the sea. The largest known animals then were shelled mollusks, relatives of the oysters, about 15 feet long. A little later, only about 50,000,000 years later, came the Devonian Period with its strange gigantic plant growth. Fern trees grew 30 to 40 feet high and were the fore-runners of our present ferns. There was a plant about 20 feet high, which was the ancestor of a little weed common today, known as the horsetail, or scouring rush. Other plants were the giant ancestors, 25 feet high, of the modern club mosses.

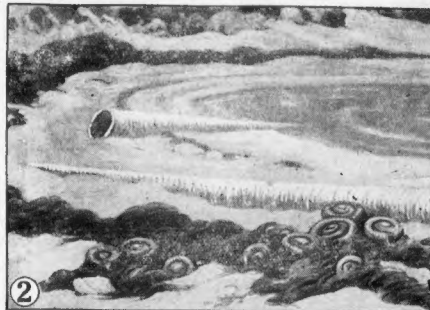
Then the sea creatures began to evolve into reptiles, which were nearer to man and the mammals. In the Permian Period, about 215,000,000 years ago, the fin-backed reptiles formed a prominent feature of the landscape. Their fossil remains are now found in the red sandstone ridges of Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico. These creatures had an enormous fin running down the backbone all the way from the neck to the tail. They were 20 to 30 feet long, and the fin rose to a height of 10 feet or more. The fin-backs were armed with large teeth and fed upon the many fleshy but less well-armed reptiles of the period. They would have been terrible enemies for a man to meet at the door of his cave, but fortunately he had not then appeared.

One of these reptiles, the Dimetrodon, was

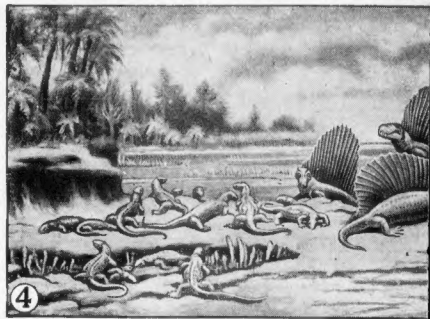
armed with a formidable series of sharp pointed teeth, which proclaim him an animal of vicious habits and a flesh eater. The Nio-saurus, the other fin-back shown in a picture on this page, was similar, but less ferocious. Exactly what purpose the fin served is a matter of discussion, but it probably enabled the creature to move more quickly in the water and on land.

It was a world of reptiles when these creatures lived, and if a man could be transported back to that age he would need a great deal of courage not to drop dead from fear. Basking along the shores of quiet lagoons, these animals formed a distinctly reptilian community. No active mammals like lions and tigers roused them from their drowsy sleep under tropical suns. No birds perched upon the giant horsetail rushes which bordered the shores. Great dragonflies skimmed over the water or rested on a snag or broken tree. It was a time of heavy atmosphere and sluggish life which waited through the long ages until conditions were more favorable for active animal life and awakening intelligence.

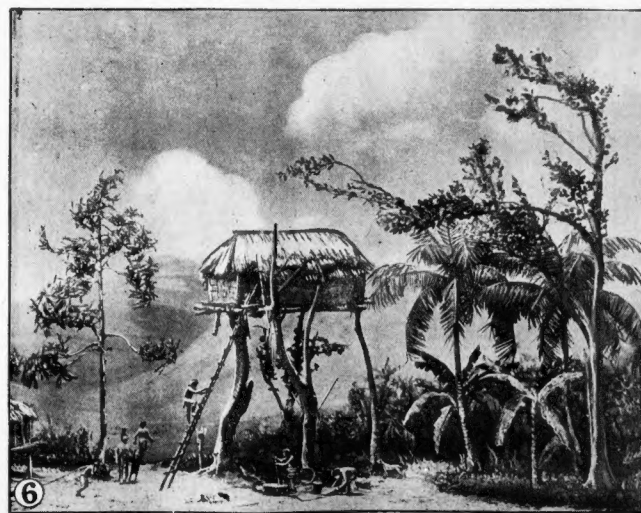
An important stage of evolution was the one



2—Scene on the Seashore in the Ordovician Period, About 400,000,000 Years Ago, When the Largest Known Animal Was the Orthoceras, a Straight Shelled Mollusk, Whose Shells Sometimes Reached a Length of 15 Feet. These Creatures Were Remote Ancestors of the Modern Octopus

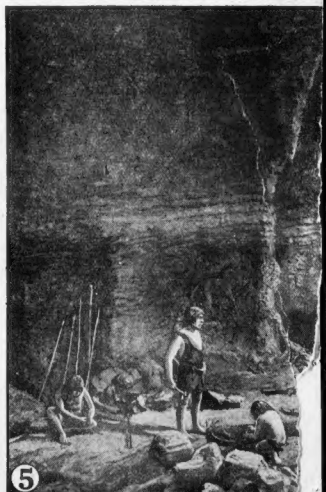


4—This Painting Shows the Grotesque Looking Creatures Which Lived in the Earliest Period of the Age of Reptiles, About 215,000,000 Years Ago. They Include the Fin-Back Reptiles, One of Which, the Dimetrodon, Was Armed With an Ugly Series of Sharp Pointed Teeth, Which Proclaim



6—With Increasing Intelligence and the Invention of Tools, Primitive Man, Especially in Tropical Regions, Built Himself Habitations in the Trees, and Thus Escaped Intrusion From Frowning Animals and Poisonous

Reptiles.—From Group in the Buffalo Museum of Science, Buffalo, New York.



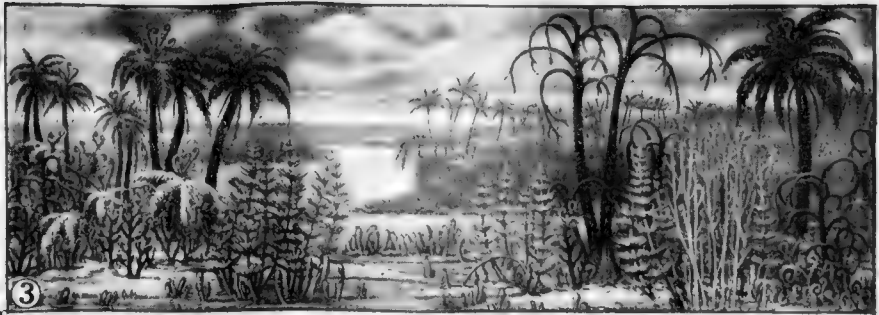
5—Early Man Ruled the Earth and Found His Shelter in Caves, Which He Sometimes Decorated With Pictures of Animals.

in which winged creatures came into existence about 150,000,000 years ago. The earliest flying creatures were reptiles with wings formed by a thin membrane stretching from the side of the body to the foreleg. The fingers were provided with claws to be used by the animal in suspending itself from branches of trees. The flying reptiles had long tails, which spread out into a flat surface at the end to assist them in flying and steering.

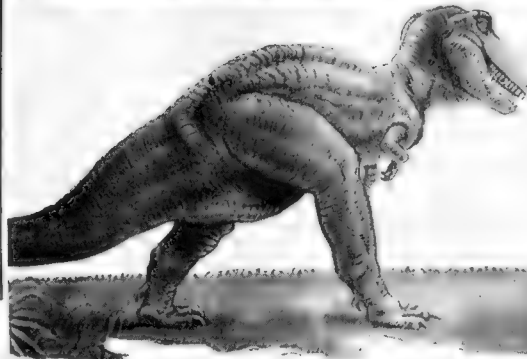
On the other hand, the first real birds of the

It Was Young

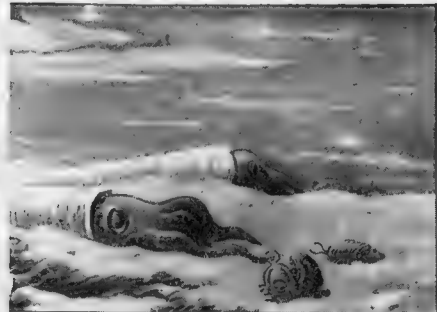
Museum Scenes by Artists Portrayal of Stages of on, Animals and Men



3—A Forest of the Devonian Period, 350,000,000 Years Ago, When Plants First Attained the Size of Trees. Prominent in the Picture Is the Oldest of All Recorded Trees, the Gilead Tree, named From Gilead, New York, Where It Was Found. They Were the First Seed Ferns, and Attained Heights of 30 to 40 Feet. Other Plants Are Calamites, Which Were the Precursors of Today's "Horsetails," or Scouring Rushes; the Naples Tree; the Giant Ancestor of the Modern Club Mosses, 25 Feet High, and a Variety of Smaller Plant Species.—From the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.



A Gaining Monster, the Tyrannosaurus, Largest Flesh Eater Ever Produced by Nature.—From the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.



and Nautilus. In the Painting Are Also Shown Trilobites, Which Were Distinctly Related to the Crab Family of Today. All the Known Life of the Period Was in the Sea.—From the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.



Him an Animal of Vicious Habits and a Flesh Eater. Niosaurus, the Other Fin-Back Shown in the Centre of the Picture, Was Quite Similar, But Inoffensive.—From the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.



considerable Artistic Skill. This Is a Scene of Cro-Magnon Life of About 30,000 Years Ago. Science, Buffalo, New York.

ge were feathered, but in some ways resembled reptiles. Their jaws were armed with jointed teeth. The tail was long and had a pair of feathers at each joint. The wings had claws like those of the flying reptiles.

During the Cretaceous Period, 95,000,000 years ago, two kinds of reptiles, the duck-billed and the crested dinosaurs, were prominent. They walked upon their hind legs like kangaroos. During this period a curious armored dinosaur, from which the armadillo appears to

be descended, came into existence. At the same time there were bird-like dinosaurs, which had the general proportions of the ostrich and hopped around with prodigious activity.

Today if you were to see a monster 30 feet long out of the sea and fly through the air, you would be much alarmed. But this was what happened in the seas of the Cretaceous Period. There were many creatures which could fly above the waters as well as swim in them. There were long-necked sea-lizards called Plesiosaurs, which call to mind the periodical reports of the sea serpent. These monsters had terrible teeth and a large appetite, which they satisfied on the great sea turtles, that grew eight feet long, and on other large but helpless sea animals.

The prehistoric reptiles reached their greatest size in the Jurassic Period 120,000,000 years ago. Many of them living in North America reached an almost incredible development, probably on account of the abundance of food. Among these were the Brontosaurus, which grew from 70 to 80 feet in length and weighed nearly 40 tons. The enormous fleshy dinosaurs were

reduced in number by the development of highly carnivorous dinosaurs, and the world was in this way prepared in some degree for the appearance of the warmblooded animals and man.

The first warmblooded animal was the Zeuglodon, which is shown in an exciting picture at the Chicago Museum. It was a kind of whale, which lived along the coast of the South Atlantic States between 33,000,000 and 55,000,000 years ago. It was about 50 feet long, smaller than many whales of today, but when it raised its head above water, with its long array of sharp, flesh-eating teeth, it was more terrifying than any known creature of the present day.

The curious little four-toed horses, some of them no larger than rats, were among the earliest land mammals. They lived in North America in the Eocene Period 45,000,000 years ago. Then came a curious succession of elephant-like animals that inhabited America. First there was the four-toed mastodon, very long in the body, but rather short at the shoulders; then the taller two-toed mastodons, and finally the still taller hairy mammoth with long and graceful horns. The mammoth was one of the most recently extinct of these animals, for remains of them have been found with flesh still adhering to them in glaciers and frozen marshes.

An exciting picture in the Chicago collection is a reconstruction of prehistoric life at the Rancho La Brea Natural Tar Pits, Los Angeles. Life seems to have been easy in some periods of

prehistoric times, and in others filled with strife. At La Brea it was marked by fierce warfare and carnage, as the remains unearthed there have proved.

The picture shows a great sabre-toothed tiger driving vultures away from the carcasses of animals on which they both want to feed. Some of the tigers are already gorging themselves with meat. In the background are fat, helpless horses who will probably soon provide meals for the devouring beasts. Wolves with long tongues hanging out lurk around looking for an opportunity to snatch some of the prey.

The visitor may wonder why more sabre-toothed tigers were not trapped in the tar pits like the animals on which they fed. The explanation seems to be that they were more intelligent and lurked in the neighborhood until the unwary animals had been caught in the tar. Then the tigers fished them out and dragged them away to devour them at their leisure.

Scientists have reasoned that the sabre-toothed tigers became extinct on account of the inconvenient size of their teeth and the great quantity of animal food they required.

Many large animals now extinct lingered down far into the days of man. A picture shows the giant Irish deer, the most magnificent member of the deer family that ever lived. This superb animal was somewhat larger in body than the American moose and had an antler spread of fifteen feet. It is painted amid surroundings of prehistoric times, but the scene might have happened much later, for this deer did not become extinct until the fourteenth century, and it was hunted in various parts of Northern Europe in medieval times.

Such famous heroes as Charlemagne, Roland, King Canute, William the Conqueror and others hunted the giant deer. It is generally called the giant Irish deer because fossils were found in especially large numbers in the peat bogs of Ireland, but it really ranged all over Northern Europe and parts of Asia.

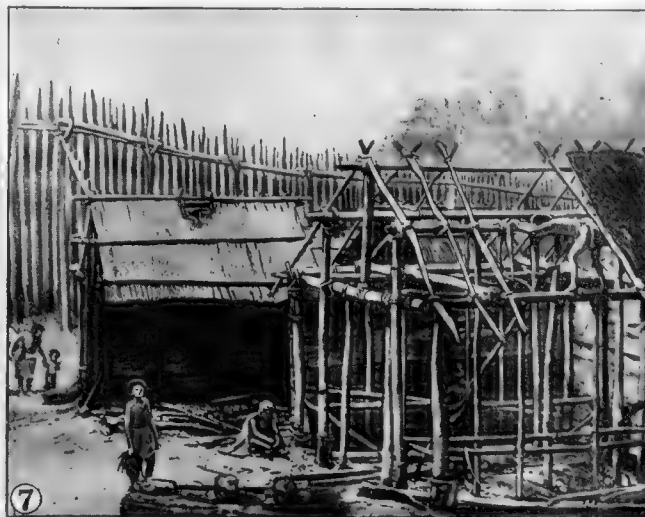
One painting represents the giant kangaroos and the Diprotodons, who formed a conspicuous feature of life in Australia in the Pleistocene Period about 500,000 years ago, which is quite recent in earth's history. The giant kangaroos differed little from their existing relatives except in size. They belonged to the marsupials, that primitive order of pouched animals whose young are born in immature condition and complete their development in the mother's pouch. They were a lower stage of evolution than the other warm-blooded animals. The opossum is the only North American member of the order.

The vast majority of indigenous Australian mammals are marsupials. This is accounted for by the fact that Australia has been separated from other continents for millions of years, thus giving the marsupials already there an opportunity to develop along their own lines without any competition from invading animals. Elsewhere the marsupials were exterminated by more efficient beasts. The extinct Diprotodon was almost a marsupial like the kangaroo, but was a huge herbivorous animal equaling the rhinoceros in size. Remains of these extraordinary animals, which moved over the ground with tremendous leaps, have been found in large numbers at Lake Callabonna, South Australia, caught there through some inexplicable prehistoric catastrophe.

A picture in which the prehistoric cave bear figures brings us nearer to the age of man. These bears lived in Europe during the Ice Age when man was in the earliest stage of his existence. The bears were much larger than any of their relatives living today, full grown ones reaching a weight of 2400 pounds.

It is believed that prehistoric men occupied caves with these animals. When men came they found the bears in possession of the caves. Men and bears must have competed for the possession of these dwellings, which were so desirable at the time, and man by his cunning and use of weapons, had the best of the fight.

It seems, however, that men did not at once exterminate the bears, for many carefully made



7—Some of the American Indians Built Fortified Villages Surrounded by a Projecting Stockade. This

Scene Represents an Ancient Indian Group, and Is from the Buffalo Museum of Science, Buffalo, New York

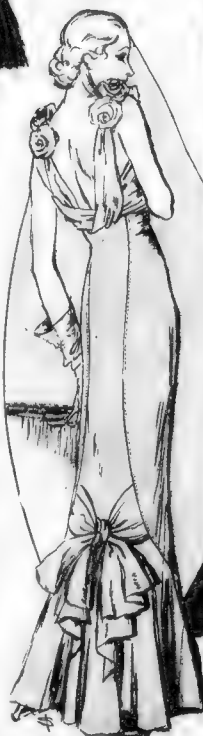
The New Evening Gowns

Authoritative and Newest
Fashions From the Studios
of the Famous French Dress
Creators, Drawn by Soulie,
Foremost Fashion Artist
of Paris

These Latest Paris
Models Offer
Suggestions for
American Dressmakers
and May Be Copied or
Adapted by Them in
American Materials.



This Model From Heim Is Reminiscent of the Nineties. It Is Done in Fragile Black Tulle or Net. This Is One of the Most Popular Evening Materials of the Moment in Paris. For Brilliant Contrast of the Magpie Order There Are Original Touches of White Paper on This Gown. The Bodice and Upper Part of the Skirt Are Extremely Plain and Slim. Made of Black Net, Over Black Rustling Tulle. The Shoulders Are Veiled With a Fichu of Net Lined With a White Tow in Front and a Lower Part of the Skirt is Fringed With Three Rows of Crisp White Paper. The Ruffles Trail a Little in the Back, Spanish Fashion.



How Varied Are Present Evening Silhouettes! There Has Never Been a Time, in the History of Modern Costume, When So Many Different Types, Materials and Colors Have All Been Worn by Well-Dressed Women in the Same Ballroom. This Mainbocher Model of the Slim Line Evening Gown Is in Rosey Pink Crepe Satin. Notice the Draped Shoulder Straps, and the Big Bow Set Low on the Skirt in the Back.



There Is Conflict, on All Our Best Dance Floors, Between Fragile and Stiff Materials This Summer. One Sees, Side by Side, Gowns in Organdie and Net, and Gowns in Taffeta and Faille. "Whim Tulp" Is the Appropriate Name of This Model. Done in Deep White Organdie. Gowns of This Type Are Seen a Great Deal at the Moment, Done in Organdie or, Organdie, or in Taffeta and Faille. The Gown Is Again as Slim as Possible Through the Bodice, and the Hem Is Extended by Shaped Ruffles of Organdie, Set in Spanish Style. Above Them, Is a Band of Tulle Organdie, Which Appears Again in Suggestions of the Spanish Balcon, on the Bodice. Over the Shoulders Are Stiff Frills, Giving the Popular Wide Line. This Spanish Suggestion Is Frequently Seen in Present Day Evening Dress.

There are shoulders widened by stiffened epaulettes, by frills, ruffles and ruffles, by crisp brocades or by big puffed or ruffled sleeves. One begins to see the still never acknowledged hip, sometimes done by draping in the model from Heim's costume, a slight panner effect, as Mabel Po has famous it; sometimes in the form of a basque on the bodice, which flares round the slender waist or in the back only.

And color—any shade in the palette that pleases may be chosen, and you are almost sure to have an all-black gown and an all-white gown as well.



We Have Had Shoulder Extension for So Long That the Designers Are Looking for Something New, and as Society Usually Means Some Form of Exaggeration, They Have Found It in Subtle Ways of Treating the Hips, Intending to Make the Waist and General Part of the Body Look Even Slimmer by Contrast. Heim Does This in a Thin Chalk Material, for Embossed and Crinkled Surfaces Are Still In vogue. The Color Is of Pale Blue, Still a Strong Evening Favorite. After Plain White and Plain Black. Notice How the Skirt Is Draped. Does It Not Remind You of the Drapery of the Venus de Milo? The Bodice, Quite High in Front and Almost Tailored, Becomes in the Back a Mere Pair of Crossed Bands and a Draped Girdle Finished in a Bow.

The Second Model From Heim Illustrates, in a Startling Way, the New Idea of Accentuation of the Hips. That the Designers Are Looking for Something New, and as Society Usually Means Some Form of Exaggeration, They Have Found It in Subtle Ways of Treating the Hips, Intending to Make the Waist and General Part of the Body Look Even Slimmer by Contrast. Heim Does This in a Thin Chalk Material, for Embossed and Crinkled Surfaces Are Still In vogue. The Color Is of Pale Blue, Still a Strong Evening Favorite. After Plain White and Plain Black. Notice How the Skirt Is Draped. Does It Not Remind You of the Drapery of the Venus de Milo? The Bodice, Quite High in Front and Almost Tailored, Becomes in the Back a Mere Pair of Crossed Bands and a Draped Girdle Finished in a Bow.

The new pastels, faint tinges rather than colors, rival the rich jewel shades, sapphires blue, ruby red, coral, emerald or amethyst purple. Here is Schiaparelli's new deep pearly blue beside Vionnet's palest tinge of turquoise, or Chanel's faint pink next to Mainbocher's rich hollyhock shade.

The Mainbocher model, shown here, is in his favorite hollyhock, in crepe satin, made on the shiny side. The model from Heim is in a clove material in pale blue. Embossed and crinkled surfaces are still found in the newest evening mode. Notice its drapery, almost exactly like that of the Venus de Milo, accentuating the natural slenderness of the hips in a new way by drawing attention to them with classic folds. The other Heim model is as startling as a magpie in its brilliant black and white. The fourth model, from Crivell, is the sort of thing that is done in former fabrics, and, as I have said, is of Spanish inspiration.

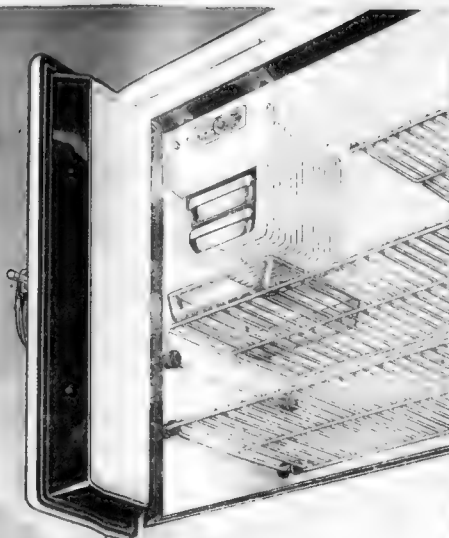
Wherever one goes this Summer one notices the conflict between fragile and firm materials. Net, organdie, organza, and even muslin, to say nothing of chiffon, on the one hand, and taffeta, faille, and the firmer, very shiny satins on the other, with the crepes filling the intermediate role between them. The thin materials, and the faille and taffeta, are used for gowns that accentuate the shoulders in some way, and are close and slim about the bodice and hips, their skirts

flaring sharply from just above the knee, from the knee, or below it. The shiny satins are usually cut slimmer, with less flare. The crepes often fall in long classic lines, like pillars. It seems most probably that the ruffled, fluffy, frilly silhouettes will be confined to Summer wear, and will perish from its own popularity before next Winter.

New versions of the slim, column-like gown are already appearing at the dressmakers for next year's wear. August-Bernard has a new evening silhouette which is as straight and narrow as the path of virtue. Its new feature is a slight, controlled fullness placed at the bottom of the skirt. Sometimes this takes the form of a plated frill, about a foot deep, sometimes the gown is really a long slim tube, with a very soft flare, gathered or plated, appearing only in the back and only about a foot above the floor line. With this new silhouette, August-Bernard hardly accents the shoulders at all. Sometimes the material is twisted into a knot; sometimes the shoulder lines are smooth and plain. These gowns of hers, which are very new, too new to have been seen worn in Paris at the moment of writing, caused a lot of conversation at the mid-season openings. They are rather reminiscent of the modes which just preceded the bustle, in the end of the eighties, and they are waiting to be tried out in the Fall.

PRICES GO UP AGAIN SEPTEMBER 1ST

Now
AND SAVE



NOW IS THE TIME OF ALL TIMES TO BUY YOUR KELVINATOR

Now you can buy a beautiful, full-sized, full-powered, standard Kelvinator at a ridiculously low price—a price that, authorities agree, will probably never come again.

Depression made low prices. But each cut in prices also helped to deepen and lengthen the depression.

Now, with returning better times—with men going back to work—prices are starting upwards. Practically everything that goes into a Kelvinator has gone up in cost. On many materials, prices have increased as much as from 22 to 102 per cent. And we are not sorry because it is a sure sign of a return to better times for everybody. More money—more jobs—higher wages—greater prosperity, for you, for us, for everybody.

On June 28th we announced a moderate increase in Kelvinator prices. Now we must make a further substantial advance, effective September 1st.

More than a hundred thousand families have bought Kelvinators in the past few months—more than in any similar period in our history. But there are countless thousands more who intend to buy—you people who have told our dealers—or your friends who own Kelvinators—that you, too, want to own Kelvinators some day. We are grateful for your interest, so we are giving you this advance notice—this final chance to buy at to-day's low prices.

KELVINATOR'S GREATEST YEAR!

April, 1933 established a new, high record for Kelvinator's 19 years in the industry. Shipments were 30,116 units. In May, Kelvinator reached the tremendous total of 43,157 units—a new, all-time high record. And then came June with the greatest volume of orders ever received by Kelvinator in that month. Now, more than ever, the public knows—and wants Kelvinator quality, Kelvinator value.

ACTION NOW MEANS A BIG SAVING

On and after September 1st, the price of every Kelvinator model will be much higher. The smallest increase is \$12.50 on the big, standard Kelvinator which sells to-day for \$99.50.

Features will be the same; quality, the same high Kelvinator standard. The Kelvinator for which you would have to pay more on September 1st is the same in every detail as the one you can buy, before then, at to-day's rock-bottom price. What other safe investment will pay so big a dividend so quickly and surely!

Buy now and SAVE

BUY NOW FOR THE YEARS AHEAD

You can add nothing to your home that will mean so much to the whole family for as long a time as a beautiful new Kelvinator. It means convenience—no worrying about ice deliveries, fewer shopping trips, perfect refrigeration service without attention on your part. It means economy—low operating cost, greatly reduced food spoilage. It means enjoyment—lots of ice cubes always, and all sorts of delicious, easily prepared frozen delicacies. It means health—because properly kept foods help prevent sickness. And it means life-time reliability—Kelvinators are famous for their sturdy quality and long life.

See your nearest Kelvinator dealer right away and let him tell you how easy it is to buy a Kelvinator on convenient ReDisCo payments. But hurry! On and after September 1st the price will be much higher. Act now and make this big saving! KELVINATOR CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan. Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England.

SHOULD UNFORESEEN
CONDITIONS ARISE...WE
RESERVE THE RIGHT TO
RAISE PRICES BEFORE
SEPTEMBER 1ST WITHOUT
FURTHER NOTICE

BETTER TIMES
FOR

ON SEPT. 1... \$112.00 AND UP
NOW 99.50
BUY NOW
AND SAVE... \$12.50 OR MORE
(ABOVE PRICES, INSTALLED, LESS FREIGHT)

KELVINATOR

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

CAPTAIN KYNE
-road looking
down at the
body of James
Smythe, his
chin cupped in
the palm of
his hand, his
elbow resting
on his forearm.
He looked
at the body
for a long

"Captain Kynes, I've been anything but good?"

"Except what is?"

"Miss Lund." "I believe I told you I was not touched anywhere."

"To you, dear. I'm sure you said pleasant things, turn the body around, he could have sworn. Corporal Kynes, that desk. It slipped out of his hands after the go."

"I was caught holding a gun and turned it on my own. I'm sorry the lawyer had been so late, smooth, and forty, smooth, and of face, almost. His staring eyes."

The woman sat down properly in a chair by the desk.

"Yes, sir."

"Any other members of the firm?"

"No, sir."

"And you are the firm's only employee?"

"Yes, sir."

Wyne nodded. "Where is Mr. Brock this morning?"

"I presume he is on a train coming up here from Los Angeles."

"I presume so."

"Mr. Smythe called a telegram from Mr. Brock yesterday afternoon stating that Mr. Brock would leave Los Angeles last night on the Statesman. The Statesman is due to arrive here at 10:11 this morning. Mr. Brock

"I see." Now, M. L. Lund, with you place a tip back from that desk and tell me if anything in the room here appears to have been tampered with.

M. L. Lund stepped back and surveyed the desk and the room with an air that said, "All this is foolishness." She turned a look to Kyne and stated primly, "I can't see a thing out of the ordinary here, either."

"I'm not disturbed. Though Mr. Smyke kept his desk in such confusion, naturally refusing my offer to put it in order, that it is a little surprising to find my statement in that regard. I can only say that as far as I am concerned, his has not been disturbed since I was out last evening."

"I am sure you are right," said Miss Lund. "You would make an excellent witness."

"I have been engaged with legal matters all my life and I am not at all conversant with the technicalities of the law. I shall refer to attorneys in matters of this kind."

"I see." Now, you say this to Mr. Brock's desk. Where is Mr. Brock? And where was he?"

"Miss Lund swept to a door on the other side of the room. She opened it and nodded to an adjoining room. Kyrie walked away and looked in. She was disappointed to see no one."

"I understand," said Mr. Brock. "As far as I can see, no one."

Kyrie stood thoughtfully for a moment, then, how long would it take you to go through the various papers in this office and determine what, if anything, is missing?"

"I could probably take most of the rest of the day. Even then I could not be certain, as I was not familiar with all of Mr. Brock's papers and Mr. Brock's papers."

"But will you do what you can?"

"Certainly."

"Now as to Mr. Smythe's recent movements. When did you see him last?"

"Alive?"

"Certainly alive."

"When I left the office at five o'clock last evening."

"He was here then?"

"Did he seem worried or apprehensive?"

"Not in the least. He had his feet on the desk, he was smoking a cigar and he seemed very much at peace with the world."

"Ask you never saw him again?"

"—Ah—"

"No."

"Now, Miss Lund. Have you any idea who might have killed your employer?"

"Yes," Miss Lund said crisply. "I do. I do. I do. Bart's brother, only from his chair, once upon a time, moved. Felix and Lorenzo stared open-mouthed at the man untruffed spinsters."

Kane was the first to find tongue. "Who, Miss Lund, do you suspect might have killed him?"

Miss Lund said firmly: "A gambler who is known as 'Whitey Atwater.'"

Captain Kyne made no immediate reply. He let Hilda Lund's startling assertion. He took very calmly. He did not even look at her, but stood for a little time staring down at the body of James Smythe.

"What was the time last night?" he asked.

"I'd say," he remarked thoughtfully. "Or maybe earlier this morning. The medical examiner would be able to fix the time within a few hours, probably. . . . Well, I don't know. I don't know. . . . Whitey's fancy Nipper. . . . James Smythe was wearing. Must be three carats. Robbery wasn't the motive, anyway."

Sergeant Lorrimer sniffed.

"I say," he said.

"Kyne swung around to the two plainclothes men. "Lorrimer,

you and Felts see if you can find out when Smythe was last seen. I'll get the elevator operator and the elevator operator. Find out if any charwomen were in the building last night. Go to the office on this floor and see if any of the clerks in the candy shop and the haberdashery on the ground floor can tell you anything about all the information you can."

Corporal Felts went out alone. Lormer showed index cards to the bird. "I don't know that bird. He hangs out at the Hamstead a good deal. He gave Bill Bartlett a mess of trouble. He can't be a can-can singer."

"Never mind. Whistly. A water," Kyne broke in. "Do I tell you?"

"Lore, sir."

Lormer went out and Kyne turned back to the gaunt secretary. "Now, Miss Lund, perhaps you will tell me why you are so sure that the Atrium killed your employer."

"Because," Miss Lund said faintly, "I heard him threaten to

"Yes, yes?" Kyne prompted gently. "Please go on, Miss Lund."

Miss Lund was not so dressy.

"That is all I heard," she said.

"What is all you heard?"

"Just what I told you. The Whitey person told Mr. Smyth

that he's kill him if Mr. Smythe didn't do something. I didn't catch what it was he wanted him to do. Or perhaps he threatens to kill him if he did do it."

Kyne sighed. "Miss Lund, for a woman who has been engaged in a matter of her life, your statement is somewhat vague. Perhaps you'd better start at the beginning and tell me just what you know about Whitey Atwater and just what you heard pass between him and Mr. Smythe."

Miss Lund's thin face flushed and she looked down. Her eyes seemed badly flustered. Then, she talked, she seemed to become more confident and her voice gathered assurance.

Whitey Atwater, from all I have heard, is a profession-

"Mr. Smythe has played a mean trick on me and then Mr. Atwater has come in here to collect money he has won. Once or twice, when he came in and gave Mr. Smythe money, he said, 'I am going to win the money the other way around.'"

"Mr. Smythe, then, usual?"

lost." Kyne said dryly.

"Yes, I believe Mr. Smythe is usually lost, though I will not say so. I am going to get the money," he seemed very friendly "but not, until day before yesterday afternoon."

And what happened day before yesterday afternoon?"

"Mr. Atwater came into the room on a room and asked for Mr. Smythe. Mr. Atwater looked very angry and when I told him Mr. Smythe was busy, he—"

"He was very angry and very unpleasantly so."

"Oh, he snapped at you?"
"Yes," said Miss Lund, sa-
ving with dignity. "Anyway, when
I was in the room, I told Mr.
Atwater to go out. I went in
my own room there. After a
little while I heard angry voices
in this room. I went out, but
Mr. Atwater had so much to
say, and I went to the door
and listened." Hilda Lund ad-
mitted.

"Yes, yes?"
"I heard Mr. Atwater say, 'Ye-
doka.' Really I can't say I
speak what he said."
"You don't think it necessary
to repeat?"
"Well, he called Mr. Smyth
several vile names and then I
said, 'Oh! Hilda Lund! I don't
know you!' and then he lowered
his voice and I didn't hear an-
more."

"What," Kyne asked casually,
"had they quarreled about?"
"Don't know," Hilda Lund
did not meet the captain's eyes.
"Gambling debts, perhaps,"
Kyne pursued.

"Yes, yes. I don't know."

didn't hear enough of their conversation to—

"Come, come!" The captain snapped the words. "I want to know what those two men quarreled about."

Miss Lund's chin came up and a spark of fire appeared in her

Kyrle let it go at that. But Bartlett knew that Hilda Lund was lying. Know, too, that Kyrle was as convinced of this as he himself. The captain consulted his watch. "Twenty-two," he said, and his voice was mild again. "I've only a couple of minutes left. I'm to meet Brock when the Statesman gets in. Miss Lund was Mr. Smythe's family maid." "Are you asking if Mr. Smythe was married?" Miss Lund inquired aloofly. "Yes, that is exactly what I am asking."

"No, he was not. At least, never heard of his having a wife."

"Where'd he live?"

"At the Bellevue Hotel, around the corner. He lived there alone."

"Did he have any relative who should be notified?"

"None that I know of."

"Very well. You do want your cousin, Miss Lund, to find out anything has been taken from the office. And your address, in case I want to get in touch with you?"

She gave him her address and he wrote it down in a small red notebook. He closed the notebook and stood waiting for a moment, and then he had another question to ask and couldn't think of it. Then he shrugged.

"The coroner will be along to move the body. Please don't touch it until he gets here." Kyne turned and moved toward the door.

Bartlett followed him. "Mind if I come along, Ed?"

"To meet Brock?"

"Yes."

Kyne ^{seemed} mildly amused. "Suit yourself. Bill, I don't mind."

The Brock Arrives.

"How much do you think she held out on you?"

"Hilda Lund?" The captain chuckled. "Plenty. I'd say. But what can a man do? She's a pretty cool customer. Hard to break down. When I have more time I'll go after her again."

"How about Abe Brock? Know him?"

"Yes. Don't you?"

"I believe I've seen him



"I was worried, because Mr. Atwater had seemed so angry, and I went to the door and listened," Hilda Lund Admitted. "Atwater said, 'I'll kill you if you don't—'" And then he lowered his voice and I didn't hear any more."

"Each," Captain Kyne said. "Bartlett and thoughtfully, 'I doped it that way myself. But where's the connection?'"

"The official bulletins will show that," the captain and blandly.

"On your," Bartlett snorted. "I suppose you think they were found by the same guy."

"Yes, I see, Bill," Kyrne said, and added, "I don't forgetfully." "And then you can find those three bullets, because at ten past six, some in the bottom drawer of my desk."

"Huh?" Bartlett sneered. "You're mumble-y are youself, 'sint you?"

"Yes, Bill, you're a—"

"Horse a—!" the reporter sneered. "Next you'll be telling me Lillian Vayne sprouted wings and flew off the top of the 'Campanile'!"

"Only angels sprout wings! And Lillian Vayne," Kyrne said, with a wry smile, "isn't any angel!"

The overland from Los Angeles was just pulling into the station as Kyrne parked his car. He asked

"You don't know what this guy looks like."

"I think I could spot him."

"Take the south door," Kyne ordered. "I'll watch the north."

"Where do you want me to take the south door?"

"Don't be funny!" Kyne snapped. "You want to talk to the bird as much as I do."

They crossed the street to the station. They were about to separate, near the south door, when

He stood blinking on the side



"Whoa, there!" Kyne called. "What's the rush, Abe?"

Abe Brock stopped, turned and asked Kyne over with a baleful eye. He said nothing. Kyne rolled over to him.

"Where you been, Abe?"

Brock loudly cleared his throat and spat on the sidewalk.

"Is it your business now where I've been?"

"I wouldn't ask you, Abe, if it ain't my business. I want to

"Yeah? Well, suppose you keep on wanting, huh?"

"It's back turned," Kyne caught him by the arm and swung him roughly around.

"Just a minute, Abe. Just a minute."

Abe Brock's black eyes were enormous as he stared up at Kyne. His voice was shrill and angry as he cried: "Say, you of a warrant for me?"

"No, I haven't any warrant."

"Then I guess you'll lay off me, huh? I don't want to talk to you, and I ain't none of your business where I been. I'm sick, ain't I? All right on that, I guess I been sick like a pup. Now this morning I don't want to talk to nobody. I'm a sick man, see?"

"Steady, Abe!" Kyne admonished coolly.

"Steady be blamed!" the little attorney flared. "You got a warrant, all right. I'll go to the hell with you. If you ain't got warrant——"

"Take it easy, you little rat!" Kyne's fingers tightened on Brock's arm.

"Leggo me!" Brock shrieked, trying to pull away. "No lousy

"He is going to—" "Pipe down!" Kyne roared. "Pipe down and get this into your fat head. Get it straight into Smythe was murdered last night in your office. Murdered. It is!"

The light of anger, so bright in Peck's small eyes, went out like snuffed candle. He stood motionless, staring at Kyne without knowing him. All at once, though, he did not move, there was something limp and lifeless about his body. His thick tongue moved slowly over dry lips.

"Well," Kyne said quietly,

(Continued on Page 17)

Edmond
K. K. K.



Build Up a Child Rapidly in Summer

① By Actually CREATING HUNGER and Preventing Summer Loss of Appetite



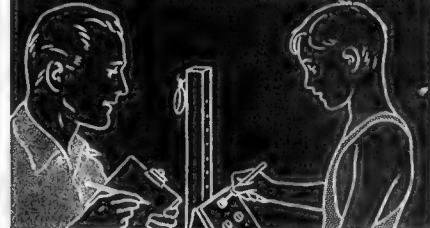
Children's appetites may now be scientifically stimulated—a way that makes "poor eaters" eat and frequently **DOUBLES** the amount of vegetables and milk they'll willingly take each day.

② By ADDING WEIGHT at the Rate of Even a Pound a Week or More



Weight is usually added at the rate of 8 ounces to 1½ pounds a week by the remarkable "summer-time health-building method" described in detail on this page.

③ By CURBING NERVOUSNESS and Nervous Traits to a Marked Degree



Recent scientific tests demonstrate that nervousness may be diminished as much as 18% in a single week by the simple method described here.

How a Remarkable Food Concentrate—Developed By a Noted Swiss Scientist (and Now Made in America)—May Almost Literally Make Your Child Over During These Vacation Months—and Send Him Back to School in the Fall Greatly Benefited in 3 Ways

NOW—there is a way to build up a child more rapidly in summer. A way that adds as much as a pound or more each week throughout the vacation months.

This is news of vital importance to mothers. For many authorities hold that summer is the one season above all when a child should surely put on weight. Not only to compensate for the drain of the previous school year, but to build up strength and vitality for the next.

On the other hand, it is said by many, that loss of weight in summer is a warning sign that should not be passed unheeded. For such is the great "health barometer" in the growing child.

In fact, it should be a matter of real concern to any mother unless her child not only maintains his weight, but also makes a substantial gain during the summer months.

To help children build up in summer, science has recently made some extremely significant tests. And has found that a certain food concentrate produces truly remarkable results.

When given in milk, this unique discovery frequently adds weight at the rate of 8 ounces to 1½ pounds a week. While, at the same time, there is a marked increase in appetite—in nerve power and interest. An increase which, in innumerable cases, is little short of amazing.

What It Is

Originally created in Switzerland—and now made in America (at Villa Park just outside Chicago)—this food discovery is called OVALTINE. There are 3 reasons why it is so effective in building up a child and increasing his weight and appetite so quickly.

First: Besides being extremely nourishing and easy to digest, OVALTINE is rich in the "life-producing" Vitamin B. Science has proved that even a small amount of this remarkable element can change a poor appetite into a good appetite—and actually makes a child hungry.

Second: OVALTINE contains an unusually large portion of a remarkable food called "diastase." This substance is now recognized for its power to "digest" starch in foods a great deal faster when you stop to consider that the diet of the average child contains about 60% of starchy foods.

These features of OVALTINE are tremendously important. For specialists will tell you that the child with poor ("slow") digestion is usually the one who won't eat—who loses appetite easily in summer—who shuns vegetables and objects to drinking milk.

But once OVALTINE is scientifically stimulated and the sensation of hunger is produced, a definite change takes place. The old objection to every-day foods (such as spinach, lettuce, carrots and cereals) gradually disappears. And even a "vegetable-hunger" is built up day by day.

Thus, OVALTINE makes "poor eaters" eat, not by merely "tempting" the appetite—but by actually creating the sensation of hunger by natural means.

Third: Milk turns to solid curds when taken into the stomach. OVALTINE breaks up these curds into small granules. Thus increasing its digestibility to a marked degree.

Milk is also taken twice as readily when

The food concentrate described on this page not only creates appetite for such healthful foods as vegetables and cereals (besides building weight rapidly)—but is extremely effective in getting children to drink more milk. . . . One delighted mother (Mrs. Paul Olson, 4510 Arden Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota) writes: "My 2 little girls have never cared about drinking plain milk. After trying OVALTINE, they drink it and enjoy it. No more coaxing on my part. Both have gained in weight and really seem to rest better at night. They had always been restless at night before, but OVALTINE has stopped that." This letter is typical of thousands regularly received.

ORPHAN ANNIE'S SHAKE-UP MUG

To Shake Up COLD OVALTINE As a Summer Drink

If you are giving your child OVALTINE now, send for this Little Orphan Annie shake-up mug (worth 75¢) free. Use it to make a new and delightful cold shake-up drink with OVALTINE. Note special offer in coupon.

Free!

Illustration showing Artist Harold Gray's conception of his world-famous comic strip character "Little Orphan Annie," playing the "Ovaltine Shake-Up Game." This attractive sketch is reproduced in full colors on the Little Orphan Annie shake-up mug now offered free to mothers who are giving their children OVALTINE this summer. (See details elsewhere on this page.)

it's mixed with OVALTINE. For OVALTINE has a delicious taste that the fustiest child is unable to resist.

It Combats Nervousness, Too

But OVALTINE does even more than create appetite and foster the rapid building of weight. . . . Tests and observations show it has a marked effect in curbing nervousness, too.

A particularly illuminating series of tests along this line was recently conducted by a well-known American university scientist. Groups of New York school children were served OVALTINE each day and kept under constant observation. Their nervous traits were carefully measured by the

Olson-University of Minnesota system of determining nervousness. At the end of 2 weeks, nervousness among these children was shown to have decreased an average of 50%. And in some cases, there was an improvement of 18% in a single week.

85% of the children responded almost immediately. Those who had previously been high strung became noticeably more calm. They acquired new energy, new stamina. And their mental alertness increased to a marked degree.

These remarkable results with nervous children are important to mothers of underweight children, too. For child specialists have long observed that nervousness and

underweight go hand in hand.

Thus it will be seen that OVALTINE acts to break up the vicious circle which underweight and nervousness tend to create. And accelerates the development of the child in summer in the 3 important ways described above.

In addition, it may be said that OVALTINE provides, in easily digested and rapidly assimilated form, vitally important elements necessary for building nerve, brain and muscle tissue—elements which, unfortunately, are often lacking in the diet of the average child. . . . Thus, much of the remarkable results accredited to OVALTINE in summer may be due to the fact that it makes up for dietary deficiencies

whose existence cannot easily be detected by even the most watchful parent.

Why Physicians Advise It

OVALTINE has already been endorsed by 26,000 doctors and child specialists because of its multiple health benefits.

Its background is intensely interesting. For example, during the World War, it was made a standard ration for rebuilding invalids, maimed soldiers. Great numbers of leading hospitals, both in America and abroad, consider it an invaluable aid to convalescence because of its unique building properties. While its use has spread to 54 different countries. . . .

Today it is being given by hundreds of thousands of mothers as the master feature of a summer health-building program now being widely urged in connection with child welfare work.

OVALTINE—though its formula was discovered in Switzerland—is strictly an American product. It can be obtained practically everywhere, thus making it possible for every mother to enlist the aid of OVALTINE for her child in summer. (The coupon below will bring you a trial supply.)

See For Yourself

Make this a real health-building program for your child. Give OVALTINE at breakfast, always—at meals and between meals, as often as

you wish. By doing as you may almost literally make your child "all doing" these vacation weeks—and send him back to school in the fall fresher in many important ways.

Was your summer one of pure OVALTINE? Write to the Swiss Food-Drink Co. for a weight-increase coupon and an OVALTINE Note, to this effect: "I have seen your child's appetite increase by 18% in one week."

OVALTINE is extremely easy on the stomach. It is a full-fledged stimulant and contains a mild sugar to give it taste and cheer up the taste. You add your own sugar at home, so don't be misled. It is a pure and offered a sweet-tasting "mug" as a substitute for goodness.

You can get OVALTINE at any drug store, or by mail. It is also available in many stores. It is delicious, and makes a novel and enticing cold shake-up drink for hot summer days.

If you wish to try OVALTINE, send the coupon below for a free trial supply. . . . Now, receive a free Little Orphan Annie shake-up mug (worth 75¢) now being given free.

NOTE: Thousands of nervous people men and women, are using OVALTINE in summer studies when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for sleeplessness and as a refreshing food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.

MAIL FOR TRIAL SUPPLY—OR SHAKE-UP MUG

THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK CO.
Dept. A-7, 180 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your trial tin of OVALTINE.

(This offer good in U. S. A. only.)

Name (Please print name and address clearly)

Address

City (One package to a person) State

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

Made in Switzerland in the United States according to the original Swiss formula.



Special Free Offer

Orphan Annie Shaker

If you are an OVALTINE user now, we will send you a Little Orphan Annie shake-up mug worth 75¢ free. Send me my trial tin of OVALTINE and this coupon with it. I will then send you a Little Orphan Annie shake-up mug of every can of OVALTINE.

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*A superior deodorant
in an irresistibly
attractive container*

CONVENIENT
EFFICIENT
SMART

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